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-:- THE SPOILERS -:-

ACT I.

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-:- T H E S P O I L E R S -:-

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

REX H. BEACH and JAMES MacARTHUR.

"There's never a law of God or Man runs North of Fifty-three."

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and James MacArthur.

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List of Characters.

(The characters are named in the order in which they appear)

CAPTAIN [illegible], of the U. S. Revenue Marine.

[illegible] " " " "

[illegible], a lawyer of Nome.

[illegible].

[illegible].

A [illegible].

[illegible].

CAPTAIN CHARLEY;
: Miners.
[illegible] :

A CARRIER.

SCOTT [illegible], of the [illegible];

[illegible] }
} Owners of the Midas Mine.
[illegible] }

[illegible], Miner at Solomon.

[illegible], lawyer and [illegible] of the Northern Commercial Co., at Nome.

[illegible], a Federal Judge.

[illegible], "Czar of Dakota" and Receiver of the Midas and the other mines at Nome.

[illegible], Foreman of the Midas.

[illegible] WRIGHT, Lawyer for Hendler and the Miners.

[illegible] JONES, a graduate of Yale, and a Tenderfoot.

[illegible], Lawyer at the Northern Dance Hall.

[illegible], Waiter " " " "

[illegible], Pianist at the Northern Dance Hall.

[illegible], Cowboys, Miners, Indians, Dance Hall Girls.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

PRELUDE:

"The Land of Purple Distances."

ACT I:

Midnight on board the S. S. Santa Maria at dock in Oregon, Spring, 1900. "The Dawn of the Golden Years."

ACT II:

[illegible] "The Coming of the Law."

ACT III:

[illegible] "[illegible]."

ACT IV:

[illegible] "Promise of Dreams."

P R E L U D E.

"The Land of Purple Distances."

The house lights are lowered, and the stage is in complete darkness, when the first bars of music composed for the Miners' opening song (act I) "The Long Trail" will be played before the curtain is lifted.

When the curtain ascends, a drop scene (as far back on stage as the set behind will allow) gives the effect of the midnight sun over the water and fills the scene, showing a mountainous background, the tops of which are covered with snow; between are the purple and gold distances and shimmering in burnished copper ripples on the calm sea. The early dawning in culmination, then diminishes as the rays recede - the song, leaving the scene in complete darkness again.

During the next lines, lights are turned of Act I. to come into view. The music of "The Long Trail" is taken up with guitar and mandolin off stage, and the MINERS begin the song.

-:- A C T I -:-

The Door of the Golden North.

SCENE: Midnight on board the "S. S. Santa Maria" at dock in the harbor of Unalaska at the mouth of Behring Sea, during the great Nome gold rush in the spring of 1900.

A steel blue sky begins to appear in distance, stars come out, moonlight floods the scene, showing the deck of the Santa Maria. The port bulwark runs across at back. At L. is a deck cabin, standing on the ground at R., a deck house, with steps leading to bridge on top and the pilot house, with wheel. There is a deck skylight at L. C., high enough for a man to lean his elbows on; coils of rope, etc., at convenient spots for sitting. Also electric deck lights. There is space to walk on port and starboard, and L. C. and L. R., also L. C. and C. R. Large door to the deck cabin at L.

Beyond on the dock log is seen the jetty piles and lights of Unalaska below the glittering stars. The dock is supposed to be off stage up L. A portion of the dock log may be visible from L. C., when the steamer is supposed to call towards L., to give the effect of getting [illegible] is rolled, the land will [illegible] and the dock log will [illegible] water, with the sea line on the far horizon, so that it seems [illegible] of the ship.

Until the song is finished only the [illegible] is shown on the stage. [illegible] the [illegible] by the rail. During [illegible] the water is an [illegible] one.

Before the scene begins to come into view, a VOICE is heard to chime in with the guitar and mandolin music off stage, with the song, "The Long Trail." The words are "lyrics", and will have to be set to music.

MINER'S SONG: "THE LONG TRAIL."

"It's North you may run to the rose-tinted sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate:
There the blindest bluffs hold good, dear luck,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the sun looks big on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail - the trail that
is always new.

CHORUS OF MINERS:

(Repeat.)
And the sun looks big on the old trail, our own trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail.

(When the song is finished, the ship's bell strikes one night hour - 8 bells.)

(FIRST OFFICER enters from L. D. CAPTAIN STEVENS turns sharply and walks to at center.)

CAPTAIN:
Well - any sign of the doctor?

FIRST OFFICER:
No, Captain. He's hardly had time yet.

CAPTAIN:
(With sceptical impatience.)
Time! Heavens, sir, if he delays much longer, we'll not be in operation. D'ye know what that means? It spells ruin, sir! Ruin! And the devil to pay!

FIRST OFFICER:
The report may not be true, Captain.

CAPTAIN:
(Pacing and looking anxiously off R. again.)
I hope to God it ain't. This gold stampede for Nome is the chance of a life time. It's the richest rush the world ever saw.
(Excitedly.)
It almost drives me mad to think of missing it. The company pays five thousand a day for this ship - a week from Unalaska to Nome - thirty-five - forty - ay, it may be fifty thousand we stand to lose! If they tie us up for a month it will run to three times that.

FIRST OFFICER:
I wouldn't think of it, Captain. Even if the Ohio is quarantined with smallpox, we should be able to clear.

CAPTAIN:
(More hopefully.)
Right! That's the talk, mate. Keep the steam up and be ready to let go at a moment's notice. Better turn the lights on.

FIRST OFFICER:
(Going to R.)
Right, Captain.
(Exit R. F.)

(Deck lights are switched on.)

(A First officer now enter from R. F., [illegible], a [illegible] man of 40, carrying, [illegible] and [illegible] on the [illegible] of which, a [illegible] listening, [illegible] tall, [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

CAPTAIN:
Ah, there you are, Captain Lee -- I want a word [illegible] with my distingue friend - the Count du Sparc.
(The [illegible] to "Excuse me Count" and "Gentlemen.")

Count - Captain Stephens -
(Presenting them.)
(The CAPTAIN has kissed his cap to Mrs. Champian; looks the Count up and down rather contemptuously.)
(The CAPTAIN is all smiles.)
(The COUNT bows and scrapes like a dancing master.)

COUNT:
Meestaire Capitan - I 'ave ze honaire!

CAPTAIN:
(Curtly.)
Um hm!

(Enter T. R. CHERRY with a handful of, I think, a bill of lading in his travelling dress. He reads it R. and listens.)

MRS. CHAMPIAN:
How soon do we sail, Captain?

CAPTAIN:
Almost any minute now.
(CHERRY shows agitation as she overhears the answer.)
(CAPTAIN shows a desire to commune with Mrs. Champian before him. Champian as the latter shows at the [illegible]. The latter is inclined to [illegible] draws him away to R. C.)

MRS. CHAMPIAN:
(Disdainfully.)
The brazen creature!

CHERRY:
(With a loud laugh.)
Buy an organ for it, Mrs. Champian.
(Then recovers herself, the [illegible] on the steps to bridge)
Just a moment, Captain?
(Exit by centre exit R. C.)

CAPTAIN:

(Wellaway.)
Wella, Cherry! You here?
(Turning to her.)

CHERRY:

You are not sailing before day light, are you? I heard it say just now - - -

CAPTAIN:

This is not sail any minute. That's so. Well? Got a sweetheart towing on board, eh?

CHERRY

[illegible]

CAPTAIN:

(Leaning at her.)
So that's your part. Why you've chased that young fellow from Lemuan to Samoa and back again and I'll wager if he knew you were here he'd stay on shore to avoid you.

CHERRY:

(Hesitantly.)
I don't care for your taunts. My love for Roy Thornaker is no secret. I'm proud of it. But for Peyton's sake, give him a chance to get aboard before you sail. You don't understand the tremendous issues - -

CAPTAIN:

(Impatiently. Turning her to R.; pushing off.)
I'm sorry, but I can't wait. You don't understand what's in the wind.

CHERRY:

(With determination.)
Captain Ingram, I've come well-armed without him. He owns the

Nidas, the richest mine in Alaska. He's down in the States all winter, and they'll jump his claim if he doesn't reach Nome on the first boat.

CAPTAIN:

(Turning from back rail, and speaking as if to an alert) Well - that's his lookout, ain't it? I told him and Dexter not to risk going ashore, but they would do it.

(Ascends steps to bridge.)

(A commotion is heard aft P. and two sailors enter, dragging a STOWAWAY between them. He has been beaten and kicked. He is a MINER wearing P. and T., talking noisily - men and women in great variety of costume - some carefully dressed, some in sweaters, others rough and in sealskins and canvas clothing. They all present lively - adventurous and cheap appearance. The CAPTAIN and the MATE enter from S. L. Passage is down S. The "gangway" is in the front, and a miner with a guitar.)

CAPTAIN

(From bridge.)
What's the row here?

SAILOR:

'E's a blessin' stowaway, sir. 'E was 'idin' in the [illegible] 'old, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Well, my man, bound for Nome with the big rush, eh?

STOWAWAY:

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Can you pay your fare?

STOWAWAY:

No, sir.

CAPTAIN:

Then what in hell are you doing on my ship?
(To Sailors.)
Show him the gang plank.

STOWAWAY:

For God's sake, don't do that, Captain, I'll work my way.

CAPTAIN:

My crew is full. I've no place for you. Get out - quick!

STOWAWAY.

Please, sir - let me go with you. I've got to get to the gold fields. I can't find work at home, and there's a girl waiting in 'Frisco - for God's sake, let me work my way through.

CAPTAIN:

Bah! I get that same story every trip - pay your passage or get out.
(SAILORS are dragging STOWAWAY off when the "DUCHESS" steps on. She is a typical hard-faced gaudy dance hall, peroxide blonde.)

DUCHESS:

Say, that's what I call a blowin' stone - chuckin' a man that's willin' to work. Let's pay his way, fellows. I'll go my share.
(SAILORS halt with STOWAWAY.)
(DUCHESS addresses CAPTAIN as follows.)
What's your objection, old Frisco?

CAPTAIN:

Here then you can pay. Cheechoo! The fare from Chicanka to 'Frisco is one hundred dollars this trip.

DUCHESS:

One hundred plunks! Say, but you're a crazy old-timer. My lamb will ride for free, but there's no kid in town with

(Takes purse from her stocking.)
Ten dollars, a powder puff, a hairpin hook and a baby pin. I ain't agoin' to see you hitch the horses to a guy that's willin' to work, not if it takes my last bean.

CASSIAR CHARLEY:
That sick wife story don't get none of my money.

DUCHESS:
All right, sonny, we'll just take the loan of your hat.
(Taking hat from miner's head.)
To gather the dough in, by way of a small contribution to the fund. Come on, boys, dig into your clothes.

MEXICO MULLINS:
(Sulkily.)
I paid my way, and it broke me. If he ain't got the price, throw him overboard and let him run behind.
(A burst of raucous laughter.)

[illegible]:
(Snickering.)
Oh, ain't he witty! By, what a joke! Ain't you ill-gotten to call yourselves men and put the laugh on a poor lad that's tryin' to provide for a sick wife and baby?
(They look hangdog and shamefaced.)

CASSIAR CHARLEY:
I'll bet he ain't married at all.

DUCHESS:
Well, if that was - of course, I'll bet he could [illegible] for alimony.
(Turns the laugh on him.)

COUNT:
I will geeve - -

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

Don't be foolish, mounseer.
(Restraining him.)

COUNT:

W'at —— ge mittaine? W'at 'as 'e comait?

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

He's just a tramp, Count. He has no money. What you call in your country a canaille.
(She pronounces it "Canal.")

COUNT:

Ah yes! I see! A ship's canal! Ver' good!
(Laughter.)

DUCHESS:

(Holding up the hat.)
Well, say, ain't you a bunch of tight wads! You wouldn't separate from your money under an anaesthetic. I ain't begging for me self. We may be as worthless as the rest of you say, but if we has got a wife and kid we've got to help them. It's a law in my country. There I guess from you I don't have to give a man cocaine to make him loosen up on a dollar.

A WOMAN:

That's right. We can't take a chance.
(The WOMEN step forward and put money in the hat.)

DUCHESS:

Ball for you girls. You are taken the cue a dozen every time. Come on.

COUNT:

(Stepping forward.)
'Ere is my share.

DUCHESS:

Thanks, Frenchy. You may be a liar sometimes, but your heart's all right, and I'll help you to lick the man that broke your spectacles.

CASSIAR CHARLEY:

Ay, come on, fellers! I ain't goin' to be outdone by a dago.
(Puts coin in the hat; other MEN follow suit.)

DUCHESS:

That's the ticket. Now you're talkin' loud enough to hear.
(To Cherry.)
You look like a good sort. Won't you help us to pay this poor devil's passage?
(CHERRY puts three gold coins in the hat.)
Ah, that'll make it. You're my kind, all right.
(To CAPTAIN, who has watched the scene with indifferent air.)
Come, Captain Kidd - there's your water still, and I hope it strangles you.
(She takes the hat, empties it, and throws the empty hat on the deck. The MINER picks it up.)

CAPTAIN:

(To Sailors.)
All right. Let him stay.

SAILORS:

(Releasing stowaway.)
Ay, ay, Captain.

STOWAWAY:

(As sailors release him.)
Thank you, Miss - Thank you.
(CROWD begins to go off, R. and L.)

GAMBLER:

Gentlemen, I'm about to open a game down in the second cabin;

CASSIAR CHARLEY:
That listens good from where I sit.

MEXICO MULLINS:
Me, too.
(The CROWD file out.)

COUNT:
(To Mrs. Champion.)
Ah, I am glad I come here. Theese countree is fine! I am in search of adventure, madame - seeesing new! I am tired of Paree! I look for adventure - r-romance! 'Ere I shall find it. May I 'ave ze pleasure?
(Offers MRS. CHAMPION his arm with exaggerated gallantry. They exit R. R.)
(CHENEY remains up R.)
(Ship's bell strikes half after twelve - 1 bell.)
(The ship's DOCTOR comes on hurriedly from R. R.)

DOCTOR:
(Spying CAPTAIN on bridge:)
Captain - -

CAPTAIN:
(Coming down quickly.)
Well, well - what news, doctor?
(CHENEY is up R., listening.)

DOCTOR:
The report is true. Smallpox has broken out on board the Ohio, and she's in quarantine for thirty days.

CAPTAIN:
Good Heavens! Did you see the health inspector?

DOCTOR:
Yes. He says if we're not out of port by daylight, he'll tie us up too. He'll put the crew of the revenue cutter aboard.

CAPTAIN:
(Agitated.)
Then there's no time to lose. We must clear while we have a chance -
(Ascends steps rapidly.)
Great Heavens! Smallpox!
(On the bridge, he blows a whistle.)

CHERRY:
(Coming down; to Doctor.)
What is the matter, doctor? You're not really getting under way?

DOCTOR:
Yes - we'll be free in five minutes.
(Exit D. R.)

CAPTAIN:
(Shouting.)
Stand by to let go that head line.

CHERRY:
(Shouting up to Captain.)
Captain Stephens -

CAPTAIN:
I'm sorry, but I can't wait to listen now - -
(SAILORS enter R. D. and begin unwinding rope from stanchions at bulwark to let go.)

CHERRY:
Oh, it's a shame - a perfect shame - Where can Dismissal and Dextry be?

(Desperately.)
Captain Stephens, I tell you I won't let you do it. I'll go ashore again.

CAPTAIN:
(From Bridge; sarcastically.)
Oh, you won't let me, eh?
(Laughs mockingly.)
Well, you might as well understand that this ship ain't no dance hall. I'm boss here!
(Commotion heard off R.)

CAPTAIN:
(Going R. on bridge.)
Hello, what's this?
(CHERRY rushes R. to rail.)

CHERRY:
There they are now. - It's a fight. Oh, wait - wait -

CAPTAIN:
By Jove, they're pursued. Look, Glenister's knocked one of them down. Ah! Dextry's got the other - They're coming -
(Puts hand to mouth; shouts.)
Hurry up! We're casting off!
(Steamer whistle sounds.)
(Turns down.)
That young wild man Glenister is always in trouble.

CHERRY:
(Elated.)
They're coming - they'll make it -

CAPTAIN:
(Shouting.)
Let go that aft line! Stand by to take on those passengers.
(Exit CAPTAIN into pilot house.)
(Deck drop is raised slightly from R. to L., and L. to R., to indicate that the ship is free of her moorings, but not started yet.)

I'll do
better work.

I can't understand why this ship ain't no
Mayor's

CHUMMY:

There they are now. - It's a fight. Oh, wait - wait -

CAT'ZAIN:

They're jumping. Look. Diamister's knocked one of them

(They jump to mounting shuttle.)

We're casting off!

(Shuttle zooms.)

Dan Diamister is always in trouble.

(Shuttle)

CAT'ZAIN:

(Shuttle zooms.) I can't [illegible]

CHERRY:

(At back.)
There's some one with them - It's a woman -
(Comes down.)
He was fighting for a woman. I wonder who she is!
(MINERS exeunt R., under cover for the entrance of CHERRY and DEXTRY and HENRY CRENISTER, after snatch of chorus from singers off stage, as the back drop is rolled and indicates that the ship is sailing.)

MINERS:

(Singing; off.)
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're off and away on the long trail - the trail that is always new.

(As the song closes, enter from R., CRENISTER, DEXTRY and HENRY. They show evidence of haste. They are panting, their clothes awry, as if from a struggle.)

(CRENISTER is a broad-shouldered young man of 30, clean-shaven, heavy brows; aggressive, forceful, unrestrained manner; a typical Westerner. Wears light Stetson sombrero with leather band; white flannel shirt; soft collar turned up and pointa fastened together under chin with gold safety pin - heart. No vest - corduroy coat and trousers, the latter tucked into tan laced boots.)

(DEXTRY, 35 years old, gray hair, a mustache, shaggy eyebrows - type of old frontiersman. No hat - Blue flannel shirt; duck frock coat and pants; soft knee boots. He has a keen shrewd eye, twinkles now; never smiles; whimsical drawling method of speech. Capable of extreme anger; vindictive but cool when aroused.)

(HENRY, beautiful girl in early twenties, dark brown hair; dressed in flying costume, tan laced boots beneath short skirt. She has her hat in her hand as though it had been blown off. Hair tousled.)

CHERRY:

(As they appear; with restrained gladness and a half sob.)
Roy - !
(She puts her clenched hand to her lips, then exits, unobserved, R. U.)
(DEXTRY comes up stage, back to audience, busy fixing her hair, etc.)

GREMSTER:

(To Dextry.)
Close shave that, Dex!
(Feels his neck gingerly.)

DEXTRY:

Whew! I've occupied the seat of honor at a t'ilar exposion; been fondled by a snow slide, and figgered in a jail delivery, but for downright sprightly diversion of mind, I don't recall a more strenuous five minutes than the one we are just closin'. Two ag'in six makes a nice sociable party.

GLEN:

(Laughing.)
I wouldn't have missed it for a forty dollar bet. But say, what's come of your headgear?

DEX:

(Feeling his bare head.)
Run out without my hat! By Gosh! That's the mitch coal I've left clothes in.

GLEN:

(Who has been muttering in Helen's direction.)
Well, Miss, let's have a look at you in the light.
(HELEN turns, and comes down a step or two.)
(Aloud now, to explain, and amused to find a girl like her here.)

HELEN

What kind of men are you to fight in the dark for a stricken woman?
(There is a moment's pause and silence.)
Well - will you let me - shake hands?

(THEY both make for her hand at once, and occasion some merriment in doing so.)

DEY:

I make motion, miss, that you're the gamest little chap I ever fought over, Mexikin, Injun or white.

(Crowding it, and stroking moustache, reminiscently.)

And - I - have - done - some - fightin'.

GLEN:

(Plainly embarrassed, though boldly gazing at her.)

Why - er - excuse me, miss - but you - you aren't quite the kind of a girl I expected to see.

HELEN.

(Shrinking from Glen's admiration, and addressing Dexter.)

I suppose you think I've done something dreadful, don't you? But I haven't.

(Evidently a bit shaken and nervous; she endeavors to make light of it, and gain her self-command.)

I had to get away from the ship tonight because - - for certain reasons. Those sailors pursued me - it was good of you to fight them back. I haven't stolen anything nor poisoned the crew. Really!

DEY:

Never mind, miss; we got you aboard after a scuffle, all right - But I don't know what we'll do with you now you're here.

GLEN:

(With alacrity.)

I'll make up the steward and have him find a place for you. It's awfully crowded though - - -

HELEN:

(Lays hand on Glen's arm, anxiously.)

No, no! Don't do that. I mustn't be seen [illegible] or they'll send me back.

DEX:

Send you back! Why, this is a gold stampede. There ain't no turnin' back.

GLEN:

I daren't risk it. Please hide me for tonight - till we're well at sea - then I'll tell you everything. It's all happened so quickly that I haven't found myself yet - but I mustn't be seen tonight. Won't you help me?

GLEN:

(Impulsively; elated.)
Help you? Why - I'd string money on it.

DEX:

Sure, Mike. An' see here, Miss - you just take your time on explanations. Morals ain't our long suit. Everybody is privileged to look out for his own gee up here. A square deal an' no questions asked.

GLEN:

But you don't know what I've done.

DEX:

We don't give a dam what you done.
(Embarrassed and apologetic.)
'Scuse me, miss - them little cuss words hang around the back of my mouth amongst the 'oller teeth just waitin' to come out that-a-way.
(GLEN laughs, hilariously and amused.)

GLEN:

So you want to stowaway? Very well. You may come aboard, and we'll go below. Eh, Dex?

DEX:

Suits me -

HELEN:

Oh, I can't do that.
(Under her breath.)
I'm afraid. What am I getting into?
(Aloud.)
Isn't there some place where I can hide for tonight?

GLEN:

Nobody will see you in there, miss.
(Opening deck cabin door at r.)
Here's our stateroom. Just make yourself at home.

HELEN:

(Still hesitating, under her breath.)
Oh, I'm frightened! Why did I undertake this mission?

DEX:

Step right in, Miss. Anything you don't like, just throw it out. I notice you ain't got no baggage, but you'll find lookin' from a hook at the foot of the berth a pair of my - -

GLEN

(Horrified.)
Dex!

HELEN:

(Stepping toward cabin.)
Thank you so much!

DEX:

Just use anything you find like it was your own. On that hook at the foot of the bed there's a nice pair of blue - -

GLEN:

DEX - !
(Pantomimes, shakes head negatively.)

DEX:

Eh? Oh, that's all right.
(To HELEN, who is smiling.)
As I was sayin' before I was so rudely interrupted -
(GLEN gives it up and lets him go on.)
You'll notice at the foot of the bunk a pair of blue steel six-shooters - but don't be afraid, they ain't loaded.

GLEN:

(Relieved.)
Oh! -

HELEN.

You've been so kind already. I feel like a thief to use your room this way.
(

DEX:

(Holding door open for HELEN to enter.)
We don't object so long as you don't get to like our room better than our company.
(HELEN enters cabin and shuts door.)

DEX:

(Winking.)
How's that?

GLEN.

Seems to me I've heard it before.

DEX:

(Serious now, as he fills his pipe and lights it.)
What gets me is - what brings her here?

GLEN:

(Pacing restlessly.)
What brings her here? Jack! What brings anyone here? Where brought the Indians, and Cherry Kalohia, and all the rest?

DEX;

You're in hell - She ain't that kind. She's too fine -- too
highbrow -- too pretty. Why, she looks like a thousand dollar
jag.

GLEN;

(Cruelly.)
Yes - too pretty! Too pretty to be alone - or anything except
with them.

DEX:

(Growing angry.)
This fourth country has given entirely you, Jay. You think
they're all alike - but I don't know if that they are - all
except this one. Seems like she's different somehow - don't it
I can tell.

GLEN.

(Musing, musingly.)
I had an ancestor long ago who Lucamacred among the Indians.
Sometimes I think I have his blood in me. Oh, he was a devil!
(Laughs low and fearsomely.)
He comes and whispers things to me in the night - he's doing
it now. I can hear him - something about the spoils of war.
(Rising.)
Why not? I fought for her tonight, Dex, the way he used to fight
for his sweetheart along the Mohawk - and like him, I'm
strong enough to take what I want.
(Flexes his arms as though testing his strength.)

DEX:

You old savage!

GLEN:

Yes, there's something about the wilderness that calls me always.
Yes. The air of the forest where every animal instinct is me.
I revert. I feel the old primitive passions of my female forbear.
Away from the cities I grow - I expand.
(He stands, erect, throws back his head.)

DEX:

Careful you don't look. I've seen men drunk on mountain air before.

GREN.

(Laughing, and poking a fun at Dexter's jealous mood.)
Cad! What a cad! You ought to be in quarantine.

DEX:

I'd rather smell like a man than talk like a kid. You deserve the hour of exhilaration with Marcellus we enjoy when your manhood ain't bowed up to the breaking of good manners.

GREN:

(Laughing, then making love.)
I wonder who she is? She's too beautiful to be real.

DEX:

Well, she ain't too beautiful to be hungry. I'm goin' to rustle some grub for her.
(Goes up stage to R.)

GREN :

(Calling after him.)
You old pirate is whispering to me, Dex. He says terribly about the spoils of war!
(Laughing boisterously.)

DEX:

(Turns up Lac .)
I know the castellan. He is Victor Belong - - His Master's Voice! They own the copyright.
(Exits R. U. E. as GREN plaintily, throws something after him.)

(Enter Cherry from R. U.)

CHERRY:

Well, Boy!

GLEN:

(Surprised and glad.)
Why, Cherry! Where on earth did you come from?

CHERRY:

I came aboard tonight at Prelaska. I heard you were here.

GLEN:

I'm glad to see you again, little girl.

CHERRY:

(Seriously.)
She is this where you were fighting ever?

GLEN:

That ocean?

CHERRY:

(Pause.)
Oh, don't lie about it. I get it all. Who is she? What is she?

GLEN:

(Laughing at her.)
Jealous again. Well, there's nothing in it. She and I happened to be coming down the coast when she came running out of the darkness pursued by some sailors. She called for help, and naturally we paused to see. We fought them back, and brought her aboard.

CHERRY:

I wonder if you are lying.
(GLEN, shrugs his shoulders; lights a cigarette.)
Well - I have news for you - news about the pilot.

GLEN:

About the Midas? What is it?

CHERRY:

There's a plot on foot to take it away from you.

GLEN:

Oh, come now! That's ridiculous! We discovered this mine. We own it. And we'll keep it.

CHERRY:

Listen, Boy. I got the tip tonight that there's a man coming by the name of McFarnara you'll need to watch closely. Don't let him lay claim on the Midas, that's all.

GLEN:

Say, my dear girl - Congress has given us a code of laws and is sending us courts to administer them. There will be judges and marshals and all that sort of thing.

CHERRY:

That's just it. Those are the last cards in the deck.

GLEN:

Your wise design'l never do. In fact, I almost wish [illegible] would jump the Midas - I'd enjoy the exercise.

CHERRY:

Well, maybe you'll have the chance. Anyway, I've warned you. Tell me -

(Comes closer to him, speaks intimately)

You don't really care for this other woman?

GLEN:

Why, I never saw her till tonight.

CHERRY:

Then - kiss me, boy.

(Takes GLEN by coat lapels and turns up her face. He takes her wrists and kisses her coolly)

GLEN:

No - that is all over. I told you so when I left Dawson.

CHERRY:

(Passionately.)

No, it isn't! You think it is, but it isn't. I love you too much to let you go.

GLEN.

(Glancing at deck cabin, L.)

Not so loud.

CHERRY:

(Recklessly.)

Oh, let them hear! I'm not ashamed of my love. I thought I could give you up, but I never knew till you'd gone how much I wanted you. I've seen men and men, and they've loved me, but I never cared for anybody till I saw you. They can offer me, but you were different - you made me come to you. I can't stand it, Roy. I can't live this way. I'll do anything. I'll give anything just to be where you are.

(Pathetically.)

What do you think of a woman who will beg? I've lost my pride - I'm a fool - but I can't help it.

(CHERRY is leaning against steps R.)

GLEN:

I'm sorry you feel this way - It isn't my fault - and it's no use - I've been honest with you always - -

CHERRY:

Yes - yes -

GLEN:

- and I'm honest with you now. I thought I loved you once, but it wasn't love. Love, I believe, is something different, but I don't know, for I have never loved a woman. My life is so full, there's no room, I'm afraid. I've talked here a lot, or talked there, but never yet have I loved a woman. I wish I might, even though I lost her, perhaps. I've sometimes thought that to live through such love as the poets sing about would be worth any cost, even disappointment.

CHERRY:

(Gently.)
I hope you may never have your wish, boy. There's more pain than pleasure in that kind of love. It's a terrible thing.
(Ship's bell strikes 1 a. m. - 2 bells. Voice of lookout heard calling "All's well.")

(GLEN and CHERRY have remained standing, silent and serious. She suddenly wakes up.)

GLEN:

One o'clock already!

CHERRY:

Well, boy, I wish you nothing but luck. As soon as I get settled I'll see you again. Good-night.
(SHE moves off R. E.).

GLEN:

(Quietly.)
Good night, Cherry.
(Exit CHERRY.)

GLEN:

(Still by stern, R.; gazing at cabin door L.)
She's not like - the others, and yet - why is she aboard this land?
(He comes toward C.)
Why did she want to be out of the dark, if I'm not to have her?

(At the action HELEN enters from cabin, looking about furtively.)

HELEN:

(Relieved at seeing Glen.)
I'm too nervous to stay inside. He may still get me, will they?

GLEN:

(Advancing gladly.)

If we hurry [illegible] we can go in. The old man is down below making signs to the cook.

HELEN:

I've been thinking that I ought to explain my actions to you.

GLEN:

We don't need explanations. You were in trouble, that was sufficient; we helped you, that was natural; to [illegible] - what's Alaska.

CAPTAIN:

(Off stage.)

I'll have the quartermaster see to it.

GLEN

Look out - here comes the Captain.

[illegible]

[illegible]

MRS. CHAMPLAIN:

Well! Fine talent, I must say. I wonder who she is!

[illegible]

[illegible] to retreat.)

CAPTAIN:

What have you there, Dexter?

DEXTER:

(Tearfully.)

Just a little lunch for the boy.

CAPTAIN:
Lunch! At this time of night! What is it, eh?

DEX:
Well, [illegible] a mining camp they'd call it, "Two cackles, a grunt, and a loud beller."

CAPTAIN
Two cackles, a grunt, and a loud bellow?
(With a laugh of amusement.)
Now what in the world - ?

DEX:
Ham and eggs and a long glass of milk!

CAPTAIN:
Oh, [illegible] - I see. Well, well, that's not bad.
(Then seriously.)
You nearly got left tonight, didn't you? Served you right if you had.
(Confidentially.)
Why don't you make Dismister Gilchrist [illegible] Quinny [illegible] after him again. Wanted to [illegible] till he came aboard, by Jove! And I [illegible] on the deck - fighting over a woman. Take my advice, there's nothing in it. Well - don't get too grim yet awhile. I believe I'll go inside with you and have a bite.
(DEX. exit between CAPTAIN and cabin door.)

DEX:
(Embarrassed.)
Well - er - the boy [illegible]

CAPTAIN:
(Gruffly good-humored.)
So much the better. I'll cackle and grunt for him, while he bellows!
(Laughs at his own joke; rattles door knob.)
Open up, Tomlinson. Open up for inspection!

(Door opens: CAPTAIN comes in; notes at once her effect on him, but GWEN has copied Helen.)

Hold on! Who's your friend?

DEW:

(Sits down tray.)
Caught with the goods!

(HELEN comes out.)

(CAPTAIN involuntarily lifts his cap; then becomes stiff and formal; seeing from Helen is figure she evidently

CAPTAIN:
Ah, not feeling well, eh? I thought I knew all our lady passengers. Well - introduce me.

GWEN:
I - ah - didn't catch the name myself.

CAPTAIN:
What?

GWEN:
Oh, there's not much to say. This is the young lady we brought aboard tonight.

CAPTAIN:
By whose permission?

DEW:
Permission! Good lord! Don't go over the side. It's only a plank.

CAPTAIN:
(Indignantly.)
So you are stowing away ladies in your cabin, eh? Devil knows what sort of a game that! Well - whose

HELEN:

(Distressed and trembling.)
Oh - please!

CAPTAIN:

(To Glenister.)
Yours of course, I suppose?

GLEN:

(Quietly.)
No.

DEY:

Better get the blue prints of this requisition, Gil, before you make any more cracks like that. It was this way. The lady had to make a quick get-a-way - we helped her side-step some sailors and brought her aboard, and - - -

CAPTAIN:

(Cutting in.)
That story won't do! What was she running away from - -

HELEN

(Hoarsely.)
You mustn't talk about me like that. I can answer your questions. It's true -- I ran away. I had to. That's when the sailors followed me there may have shot him. They helped me once and they'll protect me again -- from your insults. I can't explain how important it is for me to reach Nome at once, for it is not my secret. But it was enough to take me away from my uncle in search of an heir's notice does up the risk would go. I must get to Nome. It's life and death.

CAPTAIN:

(Eyeing her closely, then softening a bit.)
But, my dear miss -- the other ship will get there just the same as this one.

HELEN:

The ship I left will not.

CAPTAIN:

(Starts; points finger at her fiercely.)
What's that? What why do you mean?

HELEN:

(Clearly.)
The Ohio!

CAPTAIN:

The Ohio! Good God! You mean to stand there and tell me that.
(Turns upon Dex. and Glen.)
D'ye hear that? You've heard me. I'll put you all in irons.
My God! The Ohio!

[illegible]:

What do you mean?

DEX:

Sure! Calm down. You're breathin' like a [illegible]?
What's up?

CAPTAIN:

What's up? There's smallpox aboard the Ohio, and this lugger has broken quarantine. I knew we really suspected but battled up the back of dark, and that's why I gotted you so suddenly. Now we'll to hell up where we got to Nome. They'll put us in quarantine for thirty days. You, and we'll have to lie there a month after the last smallpox disappears. That means all winter if the disease keeps on breaking out.

GLEN:

Great Heavens! We'll lose the Midas.

DEX:

Same thing! They'll just [illegible] if we didn't them ahead of the rush.

HELEN:

Don't blame these men, sir; they didn't know. I am the only one at fault. Oh, I had to get away.

CAPTAIN:

How do I know that? What's that girl to do with me and my ship?

(HELEN looks back at Dex. and Glen, who have gone up L. 2 E. pacing, DEX. relighting his pipe. Then she resolves to take the Captain into her confidence. They are L. 2 E.)

HELEN:

I have papers here that must be delivered at once.

(Pulls large envelope half way from back of dress.)

My name is Helen Chester. I'm the niece of the new Federal Judge who is coming to Yuma to open court, and I carry important documents that could not be entrusted to the mails. My uncle sent me - - I had a maid with me, but she was caught up in the leaving the Ohio. If these papers are not delivered, there will be more riot and bloodshed and other dreadful things. I can tell you this much -- it concerns principally a marvellous mine -- the richest in all the North -- held by desperate men who don't own it. Oh, Captain, the issues are tremendous -- I must get through.

CAPTAIN:

(Scratching his head.)

Issues tremendous, eh? I seem to have heard that before somewhere.

(Eyeing her closely and suspiciously.)

HELEN:

(To Dex., R. 1.)

Dex, there are eight hundred and ten miles of it, and the Indians in Texas. They say that this car won't hold us to pieces.

DEX:

They won't have enough of it left to even to gather a picket with.

PETEN:
(Pleading with Captain.)
But I haven't the smallpox. I wasn't ever exposed to it.

CAPTAIN:
I'm sorry, but I must do my duty.

GLEN:
(Crossing to Captain.)
Captain, if this ship is delayed we will lose the Midas.

CAPTAIN:
And what d'ye think I stand to lose? I'll tell you what -- I'll isolate this young lady in one of the staterooms, and turn her over to the health inspector at Nome.

PETEN:
Oh, you wouldn't do that.

GLEN:
You'll have mutiny in an hour, if you do. Your passengers are all mad with the gold fever, and they won't put up with any delay. Why, man, they're plumb crazy!

DEX:
Sure! And your firm is liable in damages for your carelessness in letting this smallpox case get aboard.

CAPTAIN:
(Enraged.)
My carelessness!

DEX:
Of course - - under the laws of California that's a statutory offence, and means you'll get a life sentence twice. I know! I'm a regular power of attorney, I am!

CAPTAIN:

Curse your insolence! My carelessness!
(Baffled.)
I'll hand her over to the ship's doctor -- I'll wash my hands of her.

GLEN:

See here, now. Go easy. This will mean the ruin of your owners and yourself just as sure as it will mean ours, for I know your company pays five thousand a day for the charter of this ship. You'll tie it up, and lose your job, that's a cinch. On the other hand, we'll be in Nome before this girl could show symptoms of the disease, even if she had it. If you say nothing, nobody will know. We'll keepmher hidden.
(Indicates stateroom L.)
You go up forrad to your bridge, sir, and forget that you stepped in to see yours truly. Man alive, think what it means to us all!
(CAPTAIN hesitates, looks at Helen kindly, and relents.)

CAPTAIN:

(To the men, brusquely.)
You'll have to be careful of the steward, then.
(To Helen.)
Don't feel hurt over what I said, Miss -- I made a mistake. These men will see you through; I can't. Then when you get to Nome, make your sweetheart marry you the day you land. You are too far North to be alone.
(CAPTAIN goes up to bridge, and exits into pilot house.)

DEX:

(Fanning himself.)
Whew! Thank you for them kind words.

HELEN:

(Sinks down on a seat.)
Oh, I'm glad. You have saved me twice tonight. How can I thank you?

DEX:

Don't try. Just tackle this grub.
(Getting tray and going towards cabin r.)
It's cold, but it's healthy.

HELEN:

Please no -- I'm not hungry.

DEX:

Yes, you be.

GLEN:

(Gallantly.)
Do try a bite and a swallow.

HELEN:

Well - if you'll let me eat out here? I don't feel as if I could be left alone yet.
(She begins to eat.)
Won't you talk to me?
(To Dex.)
And do smoke. I love it.
(HELEN seems moody and silent and finally manages to smile at D., while DEX. talks to her.)

DEX:

(Lighting his pipe and puffing between times.)
These here economical nutriments you're gettin' intigate with 'minds me of an experience I had once. For three years, miss, I was cooped up with nothin' but hog-bacon an' beans to eat. Yes, ma'am -- three years without a taste of fresh fruit nor meat nor nothin' -- 'cept pork and beans. Why, I've et bacon till my immortal soul has grown a rind. After the third year I began to hunker for bony fide grub, anythin' 'cept bacon. So I booked passage for Seattle, and on top of three years pork an' beans, I had carry a thing to eat on board for seventeen days 'cept canned salmon. Well, soon's I get to town, I sailor to the best restaurant an' prepare for a huge potlatch. This here, I determine, is to be a go-wandizin' jag which I'll

live in hist'ry. First, I call for five dollars worth of pork an' beans, and then a full grown platter of canned salmon. When the waiter lays 'em out in front of me, I looks them victles coldly in their disgustin' visages, an' says in sarcastic accents: "Set there, damn you! an' watch me eat *real* grub," which I proceed to do, cleanin' the menu from soda to hock. When I have done my worst, I pile bones an' olive seeds an' peelin's all over them articles of nourishment, stick toothpicks into them, an' havin' offered 'em what other indignities occur to me, I leave the place.

(HELEN laughs mirthfully at Dextry's story. She has finished eating. She is at her ease now with the men.

(SHIP'S BELL -- 1:30 A. M. - 3 bells -- sounds off.)

HELEN:

(Calling to Glen up R.)

Mr. Glenister, what portent do you see that makes you stare into the night so anxiously?

(GLEN gets up and saunters up R., finally exits R.)

GLEN:

(Turning and coming down to her.)

I am trying to read the message of the North.

HELEN:

And what does it say to you?

GLEN:

It says: "This is God's free country where a man is a man, nothing more. Our land is new and pure, our faces are to the front. If you have been square, so much the better; if not, leave behind the taints of artificial things and start again on the level -- that's all."

HELEN:

(Stirred by the young man's seriousness.)

I feel that I am going to like the North.

"...I call for Five dollars worth of work
...Planter of carmel belmon.
...Front of me. I looks then vile-Jus
...an' says in sarcastic
...an' watch me get Paul Pry."
...the mean Pros soda to mock.
...

...mistaking at Jack an' a story." Then Mac
...

(CAMPUS CALL -- 1:30 P. M. - 5 bells -- sound off:)

...
...later, what poetry
...nights so anxious is.)
...we're and anxious it. Jim. Chimney exile Dr.

(...
...to pass the message of the "bells."

(...
...

(...
...One Land is new and Pros, our Pross and to
...Pros to Dolls Pros ...
...the terms of Artificial things and ...
...Jane Cooper -- What's all."

GLEN:

Perhaps you will, although it is not a woman's land -- yet.

HELEN:

Tell me what led you here. You are an Easterner. You have had advantages, and yet you choose this. You must love the North.

GLEN:

Yes, I do. It calls to me all the time. When once you've lived the long lazy June days that know no ending, and heard geese honking under a sunlit midnight, or when once you've hit the trail on a winter's morning so sharp that the air stings your lungs, and the whole white silent world glistens like a jewel - and when you've seen the dogs romping in harness till the sled runners whine like the song of a cutlass, while the mountain ranges stand out like beautiful carvings against a sky of steel -- well, it gets in your blood, that's all. It means health and equality, and unrestraint. That's what I like best -- the utter restraint.

(He is under strong emotion, and gazes at her passionately. They are standing by the raised deck skylight at L. ", leaning upon it at ease.)

HELEN:

(With a laugh to relax the tension.)

You are quite poetical for a savage.

GLEN:

(Going on, but in a lighter tone.)

As a boy I used to gaze at the map of Alaska for hours -- it was only a big blank corner of the North then, with mountains and mystery. But it always stood everything unknown and wild, hairy mastodons, savage Indians; with bone arrow heads and sealskin trousers.

HELEN:

And did your picture turn out to be correct?

GLEN:

(With humour.)

No -- I found that the miners were hairy, the Indians had heads of stone, and the sealskins had been sent out to the States to make coats for young lady stenographers.

(Recollecting.)

By the way, what brings you up here? Vaudeville?

(VERA shakes her head negatively.)

Dance hall, I presume?

VERA:

(Amused.)

No -- I tell not -- neither do I spin -- in the dance halls.

(Whimsically.)

I herald the coming of the law!

GLEN:

Bah! I'm afraid of it in this country. We've relied on our courage and our colts.

(Touching his hip pocket.)

But we'll have to buckle them both when the law comes.

VERA:

The colts may go; but the courage never. There is something else that brings me North. I have a brother wandering somewhere in this country. He left home when my mother died, and I've never seen him since. I vowed I'd find him if I could -- there are only we two left. I got news of him indirectly once at Dawson. Bad news. I heard that he -- drank.

GLEN:

(Lightly.)

He probably ate, too. Most men do.

(Then seriously, again.)

No, I don't like to think of the law. So far we have had peace up here, and justice, but a warning has come to me already that there is a plot on foot to rob Dex and me of the Midas - our mine -- one of the richest in the country.

(VERA stares at him intently, entering.)

That underneath this cloak of justice you call the law, there is a dagger hatted for us fellows who own the rich diggings.

Frank.

Frank.

HELEN:

You're wrong. Law is the foundation. Without it there can be no progress. If you own the Midas, the law will protect you.

GLEN:

I don't care -- I like the old way best. I'm a primitive man. I love to wrestle with nature, and fight for what I have and hold. My feet have trod the edge of things so long that I want to stay where life is what it was intended to be -- a survival of the fittest.

(HELEN is drawn closer to him, as though hypnotized.)

My pleasures are violent and my hate is bitter in my mouth. To snatch and guard is my creed. What I want I take -- whether wine or woman -- or spoils of war.

(He takes her hand as they both lean over skylight facing the audience, and looks into her eyes passionately. She lets him hold it a moment, then quickly draws it away, and comes to C.)

HELEN

Spoils of war? I don't understand. Why shouldn't you take them? To the victor -

(Trying to speak lightly.)

you know the rest.

GLEN:

(Following her to C.)

You're right. I shall not fail to take them.

(He seizes her suddenly in his arms and kisses her on the mouth. She seems paralyzed with surprise.)

HELEN

(Struggling violently.)

Oh!

(She strikes him with her fist, but he pays no heed, kissing her again and again.)

GLEN

(Laughing fiercely.)

There's never a law of God or man runs North of 53. What I want I take.

(Releases her.)

(Quietly.)

I am going to love you, girl.

HELEN:

(Breathless and outraged.)
And may God strike me dead if I ever stop hating you.
(HE turns up stage to get away from him, when there is a shot off R. and the sounds of rising turmoil. GLEN and HELEN pause, alarmed.)

GLEN:

(Sharply.)
Go into the cabin -- quick. There's trouble here.
(HELEN gazes off R., spellbound. GLEN goes up to her, also gazes off R.)
Quick, I say, it's a fight! Ah!

(Sudden rush from R. R. - CASSIAR CHARLEY, large revolver in hand. He is retreating, running, crosses to L. and turns. He is followed by GAMBLER, clean shaven, well groomed, white shirt and collar, derby hat, also armed. CROWD runs in from R. and L., all excited and talking.)

CHARLEY:

Don't follow me, you damned crook!
(He covers GAMBLER with gun, and crosses to R., where HELEN is cowering. GLEN sees her peril and goes to her. THEY are directly behind CHARLEY who is at R.)

GAMBLER:

(At L.)
Will you pay that bet?

CHARLEY:

No! It's a crooked game.

CROWD:

(Shouting.)
Yes. He's right. The game was crooked.
(GAMBLER raises his gun.)

GLEN:

My God! We're in line!

(He seizes HELEN, forces her down to her knees against the wall, then crouches over her with his arms about her, shielding her with his body.)

(BOTH MEN fire at once. CAMBLER whirls and falls, then rolls to left side, rises to left elbow, tries to fire again, but gun drops from his hand. CHARLEY stands still, leaning forward eagerly. CAMBLER drops face downward, quivers and is still)

CHARLEY:

(Glaring at dead man.)

You had to have it, didn't you?

(CROWD rushes forward, surrounding CAMBLER quickly, and bearing him off R. F.)

(CAPTAIN appears on bridge, rushes down steps; SAILORS enter R. F.)

CAPTAIN:

What's the trouble here?

(Runs up to CHARLEY, seizes gun and twists it out of his hand)

CHARLEY:

He had to have it - - the damned thief!

CAPTAIN:

Come with me.

(SAILORS lay hold of CHARLEY, and hustle him off, following CAPTAIN, rest of CROWD also, R. F.)

(Enter DEXTER R. F. hurriedly through crowd to Glen and Helen. GLEN is supporting HELEN as she pulls herself together)

DEX:

Be you hurt?

GLEN:

No, thank Heaven! But we were close to Kingdom Come. Look at this.

(Indicates bullet hole in wall, about breast high, right over where they crouched. HELEN looks and covers her eyes; staggers away.)

DEX:

Holy Mackinaw! When they began to shoot I thought it was a case of flowers and slow music for you.

HELEN:

Oh, come away from here - it wasawful.

(She shudders.)

DEX:

That's a sample of mining camp law, Miss. It come up over a twenty dollar faro bet, too. The miner said the game was crooked -- then he upset the layout, and unlimbered his "gat", while I took the water jump and high hurdles without waiting for more. I'm goin' to see what they do with this guy.

(Exits R. R.)

GLEN:

Your introduction to the North is very tragic, Miss. It's not all like this, believe me.

HELEN:

(Squarely.)

And so I am indebted to you again!

(Angry and impetuous.)

Am I never to be done with your services? You take advantage of my friendliness to insult me, and the next moment you risk your life for me with all the reckless chivalry of an ancient knight. What manner of man are you?

GLEN:

I don't know -- I never thought -- Now that the sadness has died in me I - -

(Passes his hand over his eyes.)

I'm sorry for what I did -- just now -- you understand. I've known the other kind of women so long that I -- I blundered.

(Gazing at her more reverently.)

Yes; you are different. I realize that now. Forgive me.

HELEN:

(Shudders and shrinks away.)

No; I can never do that. And yet you have saved my life -- I am grateful -- but, oh, I loathe you for that other -- o'!

(Puts her hands to her face.)

GLEN:

I have no excuse save that I am a man of the woods and the mountains. My blood is red.

HELEN:

You frighten me with the cruelty of your strength. There's something away back in you that I fear, something -- ferocious, and wild and crouching.

GLEN:

Perhaps you're right. But I'll change if you want me to. I'll put by the old things and I'll let them rope and throw and brand me.

(With a winning smile.)

I'll sit on a tabouret and drink weak tea, during working hours. I'll put away revenge and ambition even, if it will make you -- like me a little bit.

(Enter CHERRY MALOTTE, L. F. She stands watching her jealously.)

HELEN:

(At cabin door L., opening it.)

I think I might learn to forget my hate if you did. But you can't do it -- you are a savage.

(She exits into state-room.)

(CHERRY starts forward eagerly, pauses.)

(GUITAR and MINERS' VOICES, very ruffled and distant, heard singing snatch of "The Long Trail" until fall of curtain.)

GREY:

A savage!
(With a bitter laugh.)
She's right. I am a savage. Yet I'd give all the riches of the Indies to undo what I did tonight.
(Looks up suddenly, inquiringly.)
I wonder what her name is!

(CAPTAIN'S BELL heard off. 2 A. M. - 4 bells. CAPTAIN'S VOICE singing out: "All's well.")

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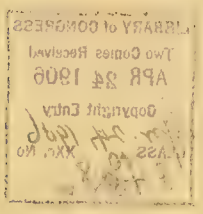

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"THE COMING OF THE LAW"

SCENE: Law offices of Durham & Struve, Nome, Alaska.
The stage shows the outer office, with entrance by door up L. close to B., door up R. to Struve's private office, and door down R. to McN mara's private office. The office furniture is modern and new, with evidences of mining camp life. Across half of B., at Right is a bay window overlooking street below, showing house tops and sea on back drop in the distance. Remaining half of B. at Left, is occupied by a small cubby hole of a room, with casement window opening on hinges in two parts to let the light in. Law books cover the walls within as far as they are visible. The open entrance to this room, near outer door, is hung with portieres. There is a heating stove down L.C.; a liquor cabinet or sideboard B.C., between window and cubby hole. At R. between the doors to private offices there is a safe. Flat table littered with papers at R.C. There is a chair on each side of the table and one near the stove. The window is wide open through the act, and street sounds may be heard from time to time.

Midsummer of the same year.

When the curtain rises, the BRONCHO KID, a slim dark man, thirty years old, lanquid in movement and yet alert, dressed in a neat business suit with Stetson sombrero, is discovered seated on chair still near stove. He rolls and smokes cigarettes interminably. Also the COUNT DU SPARC, pacing the floor excitedly, and vigorously sucking a lemon.

-:- A C T II. -:-

"THE COMING OF THE LAW"

November, 1922.

The office of Morris & Byrne, Dane, Alaska.

The story opens the main office, with entrance to door to L., door to R., to Byrne's private office, and door to R. in Morris' private office. The office furnishings is modern one desk with a-business attorney atop litter. Across half of R., at right is a bay window overlooking street below; showing Moore Page and Co. in the distance. Small table half to R. in CENTER, is occupied by a small shabby Mole of a room, with casement window opening on street in two parts in fact the light is. Two books upon the walls within as far as they are visible. The open window with portieres. There is a heating stove down L.C.; a liquor cabinet or sideboard B.C., between windows and audit Mole. At R. between the doors to private offices there is a safe. Flat table littered with papers at R.C. There is a chair on each side of the table and one near the stove. The window is wide open through the act, and street sounds may be heard from time to time.

Time: November of the same year.

When the curtain rises, the MORNING MAIL, a pile three inches deep lies on the desk. Lemuel is moving and yet alert, dressed in a neat business suit with station somewhere, is [illegible] on the desk with [illegible] the floor [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible]

The curtain rises to a few bars from orchestra of "The Long Trail". When it is well up, the COUNT begins talking as the orchestra music gradually ceases.

COUNT:

(throwing up his arms, excitedly)
I must see Meestaire McNamara.
(Stops to suck lemon and shudders)
I leave! I go! I am of the most onhappy!
(Sucks lemon: same business)

KID:

(Languidly)
What's wrong, Frenchy?

COUNT:

Ugh! The 'ole countree is wrong. It ees not fit that a pig should live in it. Ah, I am desolate in the mind!
(Sucks lemon; discovers it is dry; throws it out of the window)

KID:

(Indifferently)
Come on, let's have your story, Three Lamps.

COUNT:

(Taking another lemon from his pocket, and sucking it with fresh gusto)
I am arrive here of the steam ship. I am charm wit' the countree -- eet ees strange, wonderful, ever'body so busy, so excite-like -- they 'ave drink till they obtain of the
(Hesitating for the word)
What you call 'em? -- the jag! Eet ees the gold fever. I say: "Voila! I shall buy a mine an' become a millionaire." Ver' well! I look aroun' for an hones' man. I fin' him. 'E comes to me an' say, "Monsieur, I 'ave own a ver' rich mine. I will sell him to you cheap."

KID:

What was the name of the mine?

The curtain rises to a few bars from

COUNT:

The Busy Bee!
(Suddenly attacks lemon, which he has forgotten in his excitement)

KID:

Ouch!
(Letting tilted chair down with a thud)
Where did it sting you?

COUNT:

This Busy Bee is locate on an islan' in the sea, t'irty mile from the shore. I pay him one t'ousand dollar. We sail away. Ver' well!
(The COUNT sucks lemon for a moment, then proceeds)
But w'en we have reach the islan', what does that scoundr-rel do -- that honest man? 'E sails away, an' I am left ship wreck!
(Attacks lemon savagely)

KID:

He was a perfect lady, wasn't he?

COUNT:

Ah, but wait, wait!
(Sucks lemon)
Maybe you t'ink there ees a rich gol' mine there! But no! There ees not'ing - not'ing - but the hut of an Eskimo Indian. I am betray! I am -- what you call it - flim flam!

KID:

Didn't you bunk in with the Eskimo?

COUNT:

Ah!
(Sucks lemon)
That ees even more sad! I famish like the wolf all night till the dawn. At last I am compel to eat that food of the Eskimo of which the nose has to be grasped. Mon Dieu! - the smell! The taste! Eet ees worse than pigs. Eet ees vile!
(Sucks lemon; throws it out of the window R., takes another from pocket)

KID:

(more interested than he has been; turns round from stove, and asks as if it were too good a joke to be true)

What? D'ye mean -- whale blubber?

COUNT:

(Sadly; shuddering)

Yes. 'Ave you taste him?

KID:

(With a laugh of relish)

Taste it? I have, Count, and it's just as nice as a quart of spoiled oysters.

COUNT:

(Shuddering and attacking lemon)

For ten days I live underground with those savages - then I am rescue by a steam boat. To think that I - Henri Guillaume, Compte du Sparc, the gr-r-reat, gr-r-reat gr-r-rand son of the immortal La Fayette --

(Kisses his hand into space)

- 'ave swallow each day a piece of that w'ale blobber of too sufficient oldness! For two weeks now I 'ave eat an' eat the lemon - every day an' every hour. I eat him that I may forget, but no! I am not relieve.

(Shudders)

I am like the Jonah that swallow' the whale.

(Fumbles in pocket)

Mon Dieu! They are gone! I go quick! quick! I can taste him again.

(He throws the sucked lemon up at window, but this time it comes as near to hitting STRUVE who is entering up R. at the moment, as it can. STRUVE dodges, and the COUNT exits hurriedly up L.)

KID:

(Turning languidly)

Hello, Struve! Did you hear what happened to Frenchy?

(STRUVE is a man about thirty-five years of age; clean shaven; bushy head of white hair; dissipated face. He goes to sideboard when he comes in, secures whiskey bottle and glass and pours out a drink as he talks)

target, but no! I am not relieve.

(Smudeen)

STRUVE:
No. Hard luck story?

KID:
It would melt a heart of firebrick. Some fellow picked him for a flat wheel, and gave him the short circuit for a thousand volts.

STRUVE:
How does he feel -- blue?

KID:
He's the human wiggle-stick.

STRUVE:
Have a little "hootch", Broncho?

KID:
No; I'm hitched to the hydrant.

STRUVE:
Well - happy days!
(Drinks; makes wry face)
The Count ought to put his case in the hands of a good lawyer --

KID:
Like you?

STRUVE:
Exactly. Then he could rest easy.
(Puts bottle and glass back in cabinet)

KID:
Just as easy as if he was asleep with a ten year old timber wolf.

STRUVE:

(Indignantly; coming down C.)
I'd like you to know I'm an honest man.

KID:

(Laughing quietly; guying him)
You mean you'd like me to think so. You belong to the Nearly Club - you're nearly honest.

STRUVE:

I tell you --

KID:

(Checking him)
Don't peddle that old "con" - there's nothing the matter with me here -- see?
(Taps his forehead)
I never had any accident to my head when I was a child. No, my name is Wisenbloom and I'm there with bells.
(He turns round and straddles chair leaning his arms on the chair back. He faces Struve and stares him down)
Struve --
(Takes a puff or two and knocks ashes off cigarette; deliberately)
I'm wise to you and your receiver McNamara and old Judge Stillman, and all the rest. I know your game. Oh, I'm pretty smart! I guess I know as much as a horse!

STRUVE:

Tch! You've heard this talk around town, but there's nothing to it.
(KID stares at him with a knowing smile and a wink, and smokes silently)
There's nothing to it, I tell you.
(Exasperated)
You can't name one illegal thing that has been done.
(The KID gets up easily, and as he crosses to R., he says, indifferently)

Oh, I'm

KID:

Cut that out, pal. It's none of my business. My graft is gambling, and I'm always glad to see another crook get ahead in his own line.

(sits on table, swinging one free leg)

I admire your work. It's all new and it goes great.

STRUVE:

(Still agitated)

You've got to quit talking like that. Just because the miners are against us, it doesn't mean that we're crooked. Look at it for yourself. The Midas was jumped. I bring suit to enjoin Glenister and Dextry from working the property, and the court grants my injunction, ejects them from the premises, and appoints McNamara as receiver to work the claim. Now isn't that logical? Isn't that legal? All this conspiracy talk is tommy rot.

KID:

(Who has watched Struve with sarcastic amusement)

You certainly do get loose from your speech easy, but take it from me, Struve, - you're a joke! You read your "lines" like a "legit", but they make me laugh. I know the man McNamara hired to jump the Midas so he could bring the case into court - and I know that he paid for the man's quit claim deed.

STRUVE:

I tell you, Kid --

KID:

Now, nix, Bo! Don't hand me none of that old stuff. I'm there too strong. But let me put you wise to something for your own good, Struve.

(Deliberately)

Now, this is down low, see? 'Way down low - as between two crooks.

STRUVE:

(Indignantly breaking in)

I tell you I'm no crook.

KID:

I'm always glad to see another crook get ahead
in his own line.

(sitting at table, examining one of her legs)

I wonder if ... it's all run? It goes great.

STRUVE:

(still reclining)

... the Midas was jumped. I bring suit to enjoin
for yourself. the Midas was jumped. I bring suit to enjoin
Simmons and Dexter from working [illegible], and the
Midas by injunction. Elvira Vane [illegible] vs. the
Midas Mining Co. et al. Suppose Mollmanns as receiver to work the claim. You can't
[illegible] it.

KID:

[illegible] ... but take it
[illegible] ... "Jinnee" like a
"Legit", but I'll be ... I know the Mollmanns hired
[illegible] ... I don't [illegible] ...

STRUVE:

I tell you, Kid --

KID:

... max, Bo! Don't hand me none of that old stuff. I'm
... too strong. But let me put you wise to something for your
own good, Struve.

[illegible]

... [illegible] ... [illegible]

[illegible]

KID:

(Rising and pointing his finger at Struve)

As you were -- as you were!

(Laughs quietly)

Just the same, if you say anything loose on the dresser it would be yours, eh?

(Mimics motion of filching something)

There's three things that don't want to get next to you for their own good, Struve -- gold, whiskey, and - women! 'specially women! Well, let me tell you - I know Glenister and I know Dextry, and they're getting desperate. They've stood the limit, and their friends are ready to back their play. If Joe Dextry goes gunning for you - well, it's a hundred to one shot you'd win the Pearly Gates Handicap in a walk.

STRUVE:

(Doggedly)

I tell you I've done nothing to answer for.

KID:

(Moving round up R.)

All right! A word to the wise will beat the bookmakers. I want to write some letters. Do you mind if I use your room?

STRUVE:

Go ahead. You'll find stationery on my desk.

KID:

Thanks.

(Goes into Struve's private office up R.)

STRUVE:

(Worried)

I wonder if the Broncho Kid's on. I've been afraid of that. The game is too bold.

(Goes up; takes another drink)

Well, damn it, it's worth the risk.

(Bracing himself)

Nobody can prove anything - unless they were to get on to the papers the Chester girl brought in.

(Goes to safe)

It makes me nervous having them around here.

I tell you I've done nothing to answer for.

(Pause.)

(Moving round to R.)

Go ahead. You'll find stationery on my desk.

(Opens safe and extracts papers)

Ah!

(Shaking them triumphantly at door up R.)

You may suspect, but you don't know --

(VOICE heard outside at L.)

(STRUVE turns and looks toward outer door)

Um! McNamara and the Judge.

(With the entrance of McNAMARA and the JUDGE, the tempo quickens, and the scene goes more briskly)

(Enter up L., through outer door, JUDGE STILLMAN, a gray-haired man, sixty years old; weak and vacillating. As he enters he holds door open to let ALEXANDER McNAMARA pass in, and closes it after him)

(McNAMARA is a large, clean shaven, aggressive man about forty. He is very cool, brave and masterful; dressed in well fitting clothes, carefully groomed)

JUDGE:

(As he opens door and holds it open)

Public opinion is against us -- it's becoming a menace --

McNAMARA:

(Striding in)

I don't care. We are within the law. You know that.

(As he crosses to table, R.C., he sees STRUVE at safe; goes quickly to him, snatches the papers from his hands, replaces them in safe, and closes the safe door)

What are you doing with those papers? Lock 'em up, and let 'em alone.

STRUVE:

(Sullenly)

I was just running them over to see if they were all right.

McNAMARA:

(Sitting at R. of table; opening letters, and working with papers)

You've been drinking. My heavens, man! Won't you quit that?

STRUVE:

(Defiantly; advancing to table and pounding it with his fist)
No, I won't. And I won't be preached to, either. Understand? You run your business and I'll run mine.

(McNAMARA turns around in chair, and glares at Struve)

JUDGE:

(Anxious to placate)
Come, come, gentlemen --

McNAMARA:

(Dismissing it, turning to papers again)
Oh, don't let's quarrel, Struve. Things are going too well for that.

STRUVE:

(Turning down, facing audience)
They might be better -- the whole camp is against us.

JUDGE:

(swinging his eyeglasses; defensively. - He is standing near C., uncertainly)
We're all right from a legal standpoint.

McNAMARA:

No doubt of it.

JUDGE:

The injunctions were issued properly and McNamara appointed receiver in due form.

McNAMARA:

Yes, and who was better fitted for the position than I -- an old trusted friend of Judge Stillman's.

(With an easy laugh)
Oh, they can't pick a flaw. The mines are working every day and there's half a million in bullion at the bank -- in my name. Why, the Midas alone yields five thousand a day.

STRUVE:

(Yielding a little)
Oh, it's big -- almost too big!

JUDGE:

Of course it's big, but Alec McNamara's the biggest man that ever came to Alaska.

McNAMARA:

And I've got the biggest scheme that ever came North, backed by the biggest men in Washington. You ought to be satisfied.

STRUVE:

Lord! I'm satisffed.
(He lights a cigar)
But say, suppose anything went wrong with the Company -- suppose the names and figures in those papers
(Indicating safe)
leaked out.

McNAMARA:

No danger. I'd burn them at the first sign.

STRUVE:

Well, it's dangero us --

McNAMARA:

Dangerous? Bah! Where's the danger? We've got the law - or rather we are the law. Now let's get to work.
(McNAMARA rises with papers in hand, and comes down to door R.)

STRUVE:

Have you heard from Bill Wheaton? Glenister's lawyer?

McNAMARA:

(With his hand on the door knob)
No - and I'm not afraid of interference from him or the 'Frisco courts --

STRUVE:
Well, it's dangerous as --

STRUVE:

I don't know about that. He's a shrewd lawyer, and I get nervous every time a new ship comes into port. He's been gone thirty days - he's about due.

McNAMARA:

That's another reason why you must keep those papers locked up. We're safe as long as we have them.

(McNAMARA exits into private office.)

(JUDGE seats himself at Left of table wearily)

(BRONCHO KID coughs loudly in Struve's room)

JUDGE:

(Rising; nervously)

Who's in there?

(Pointing at door up R.)

STRUVE:

Don't be nervous. It's nobody but the Broncho Kid. He's writing some letters.

JUDGE:

(Relieved, and sitting again)

Oh, he's all right.

STRUVE:

(Crossing slowly to stove)

Say, I've never thought to ask you how Miss Chester came to bring in those instructions. She took a long chance.

JUDGE:

We had nobody else to send. Your partner, Dunham, had to stay in San Francisco. Alec and I were delayed and we couldn't entrust them to a stranger for fear he'd become curious and investigate. That would have meant --

(He places his hands over his eyes as if to shut it out)

STRUVE:

(With back to stove; facing Judge)
I see. Does she know what's in the documents?

JUDGE:

Decidedly not. Women and business don't mix. I hope you haven't been telling her anything.

STRUVE:

I'm not that sort of a damn fool. But how did you manage it?

JUDGE:

I told her the documents must be served before I arrived or there would be litigation - riot - bloodshed, -- everything!

STRUVE:

Well, you certainly frightened her nearly to death. You'd have thought all our lives and the safety of the whole country depended upon her.

JUDGE:

(Rising, and coming down R.)
Yes -- I lied to her. My own niece.
(Bitterly)
It seems I do nothing but lie nowadays. I don't like it.

STRUVE:

Nonsense!

JUDGE:

These last few weeks have been too much for me. I get tired easily. This is a country for young men. I'm too old. Too old!
(Enter McNAMARA door D.R. with papers; he goes briskly to table as before)
Alec - I'm going to lie down a bit.

McNAMARA:

(Without looking up)
All right, Judge.
(Exit JUDGE, door R.)

STRUVE:

(Gazing after Judge)
The old man has lost his nerve.

McNAMARA:

Yes! I'm sorry I brought him.

STRUVE:

I've been warned again to watch Glenister and Dextry.

McNAMARA:

Bah! When we put them off the Midas six weeks ago, you said that young fellow was dangerous, but he obeyed orders like a sheep. He was dead easy. I guess he won't trouble us.

STRUVE:

Well - he puzzled me, I'll admit. I know he's a fighter - besides --
(Watches McNamara)
he's in love with Helen Chester.

McNAMARA:

(starts and looks up, sternly)
You told me that once before. If I really thought so - I'd --

(The outer door opens. Enter MRS. CHAMPIAN, in afternoon dress, and COUNT du CPARC, sucking a lemon)

STRUVE:

(On seeing them, makes a face)
Excuse me.
(Goes to cabinet, takes bottle and glass with him, and exits into his room, up R.)

(McNAMARA rises, motions chair on opposite side of table to MRS. CHAMPIAN, who seats herself. The COUNT amuses himself by walking about the office, as he keeps on sucking lemons. He lifts portieres of cubby hole, enters, and from within, opens casement window, and sticks his head through. Then he wanders over to the window)

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

(Plunging into it at once, and rattling it off coquettishly) I'm so glad to find you in, Mr. McNamara. You know the Humming Bird Mine? Well - of course I don't know much about law - I think it's awful foolish, don't you? And all the words are backwards! But my husband told me how you got the Midas, and I said to myself, "How nice if I could get the Humming Bird - it would be such a surprise to Mr. Champian!" You know he always says I'm not practical. But I am. So I sent our hired man out last night to jump the Humming Bird, and now I want to know if you won't be my receiver.

McNAMARA:

(Sarcastically)
And your husband thinks you're not practical?

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

Indeed he does. Why, it's perfectly simple, isn't it? All you do is to pick out the richest mine you see, hire somebody to jump it, then have the Judge in - injunct or inject or something, the other people, and then you be the receiver and keep the gold. Of course you have injuncted all the best mines yourself, but I thought the Humming Bird was the next best, and I'd like to have it.

(The effect of this scene with MRS. CHAMPIAN should be comic satire, almost a burlesque of McNamara's high-handed game)

McNAMARA:

Hold on - hold on. I think your husband failed to explain a few points.

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

Oh, pshaw! I didn't anticipate the least trouble. We said you could do whatever you liked with the court.

McNAMARA:

He did - eh?

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

Of course - I know very little about these things - Mr. Champian he knows a lot.

McNAMARA:

Madam - a little knowledge is a dangerous thing - more is worse.

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

Then you can't do it? Not even if you took half the gold?

McNAMARA:

Half? -- I'm afraid not.

MRS. CHAMPIAN:

(Huffily)

Oh, I see. You wouldn't act as receiver on my claim for half, when you could be your own receiver and get it all.

(Rising)

I'm afraid I don't know much.

McNAMARA:

(Rising too. Elaborately)

You wrong yourself. I have never heard the proposition put more clearly.

(MRS. CHAMPIAN glares at him)

(McNAMARA goes on with an explanatory air)

I refer, of course, to the mining matter. Don't you agree, Count?

COUNT:

(Turning suddenly from window. Sucking lemon)

No! Eet does not agree. I taste him always. Every time every hour I 'ave - what you call it - manicured my teeth -- but there ees no r-r-relief.

(Shudders; attacks lemon)

Only theese!

(MRS. CHAMPIAN goes to C.)

MRS. CHAMPLAIN:

Not even if you work half the night?

McNAMARA:
Won't you stay, Mrs. Champian? I am expecting Miss Chester any moment, and I am sure --

MRS. CHAMPIAN:
(Stiffening)
Thank you, I don't wish to meet the young person.
(Draws in her skirts)
One can't be too particular in a place like this. Come, Count.

McNAMARA:
Why --! I don't understand?

MRS. CHAMPIAN:
Probably not, Mr. McNamara, but all the women in the camp do, and all the married men. We women must protect ourselves in a lawless land. I've taken pains to let them all know what I saw on board the Santa Maria. It was scandalous. I wouldn't speak to her, nor to Roy Glenister either -- and the Judge such a nice old man. Ah - it's a pity --
(McNAMARA is about to remonstrate when the outer door up L. opens and enter HELEN in street dress. MRS. CHAMPIAN sees her, elevates her head proudly, and sniffs virtuously)
Good day, Mr. McNamara, we must be going. Count --
(COUNT rushes to door up L., holds it open for her, as she ignores Helen with disdain. She exits and COUNT after her)

HELEN:
(Looking after them)
Oh - I can't stand this. What does it mean? Last night at the dance the women cut me - they all seemed in league to ignore me like that - and when I demanded an explanation, they sneered at me as if I --
(Hides her face in her hands)
Oh, it dazes me - I don't understand.

McNAMARA:
(Approaching her gently)
I'm sorry, Helen. I know the whole story. I never thought you'd hear it though, or I'd have --
(pauses and steps away toward R.)
I shall have to kill that man some day.

MRS. CHAMPION:

(Interrupting)
I don't wish to meet the young person.
(Turns to her skirts)

MRS. CHAMPION:

Probably not, Mr. Norman, but all the women in the camp do,
Invited him. I've taken pains to let them all know what I mean
to the Santa Maria. It was scandalous. I wouldn't speak
to her, nor [illegible]. It's [illegible]
[illegible] to be about to commit [illegible] ?
[illegible] Mrs. CHAMPION goes out.
[illegible] and presently, and disappears.)
[illegible] to cover up L., Helen sit open for her, as she
[illegible] with distress. She waits and [illegible] at her

(Helen after this)
It doesn't stand this. What does it mean? That night at
the camp the women cut me - they all seemed in league to ignore
me like that - was [illegible]
at me as if I --

(Hides her face in her hands
Oh, it dazes me - I don't understand.

[illegible]
I'd [illegible], or I'd have --
[illegible] and stare away towards R.)
I would have to kill [illegible] man sons do,

HELEN:

What man?

McNAMARA:

Glenister, of course.

HELEN:

(Indignantly)
You're wrong. He's a gentleman. Why, - what could he have to do with it?

McNAMARA:

(Leaning against table R. Shrugs)
Evidently you are not familiar with the affair. The scandal couldn't come from any other source. He boasts that you were - that you were his -- well, his guest on the Santa Maria - that he brought you here --

HELEN:

Oh! I don't believe it. I know Mr. Glenister wouldn't talk of me. He's an honest man.

McNAMARA:

Of course, but an honest man's tongue will wag to a beautiful girl. My Lady Malotte is a jealous trick.

HELEN:

Malotte? Who is she?

McNAMARA:

The handsomest woman in the North and the most dangerous. I'm glad you don't know her. She is the creature who boarded your ship at Unalaska to find Glenister.

HELEN:

(Looking piteously)
I remember now.
(Slowly as if doubting it)
You say - she came aboard to meet Mr. Glenister?

McNAMARA:

Yes, it's the talk of the camp, but of course such scandal wouldn't reach your ears.

(SHE sinks on chair by stove)

(HE crosses to her)

See here, Helen, doesn't this wretched affair show you that it is time to reconsider your decision? What is the use of waiting till we return to Washington? Why not marry me now -- here--?

HELEN:

No - no - not yet - You promised not to urge me --

McNAMARA:

But I must. Marry me, and there'll be no more gossip. I'll shield you - I can do it. Helen -

(Lays his hand on her shoulder; SHE rises and crosses to table R. HE follows her)

Can't you picture what your existence will be in this half born mining camp, now that the decent women have turned against you? You can't explain. You can't run away. Be my wife, and I'll end it all. I rule this country and the people fear me. I play with them, and this power is yours. The Judge is a weak old woman and can't help you --

HELEN:

Oh, if I could only find my brother!

McNAMARA:

Helen - it's hopeless. You'll never find your brother. Let me -

(Takes her hand and draws near to her)

let me be your protector.

HELEN:

Don't think me ungrateful, Alec. I realize what this life means. I realize what misery will come of it and that you could shield me, but I -- I --

(McNAMARA is ready to close in)

Oh, I don't know what to do.

McNAMARA:

Then let me decide for you.

(He is about to take her in his arms, when STRUVE is heard whistling up R., and he recovers himself)

(STRUVE enters door up R. whistling)

STRUVE:

(Coming down)

How d'ye do, Miss Helen? Anything I can do for you?

(McNAMARA glares at him. STRUVE crosses to chair at stove. McNAMARA is still near HELEN down R.)

HELEN:

(Answering Struve)

No, thanks. I just came in to see if Uncle Arthur had found any trace yet of my brother Drury.

(STRUVE is sitting with his back to them)

McNAMARA:

(In a low voice)

Will you be my wife, Helen?

HELEN:

(With her hand on door knob, D.R.)

Please give me a little more time. I must think.

(McNAMARA turns, takes his hat, and exits through outer door up L.)

(HELEN pauses with her hand on the knob until he goes; then she takes a step toward Struve; hesitating to speak, finally blurting it)

Mr. Struve - I wonder if you would answer a question truthfully.

STRUVE:

(Turns quickly; rather surprised)

A lawyer's business consists of answering questions - truly!

HELEN:

I said truthfully not truly. What is this rumor of a gigantic plot to rob the miners?

STRUVE:

(Lounging in chair, but facing her)
Is there a rumor? How interesting?

HELEN:

You know there is. One hears it everywhere. They - they even blame us.

STRUVE:

Oh, that's what is worrying you. Don't you lose any sleep over it, Miss Helen. Leave the worrying to McNamara and me.
(With an air of settling it)

HELEN:

(More impassioned)
But I can't. I won't be ignored.
(Comes closer to him)
They say we are agents of a band of corrupt politicians in Washington who are juggling the laws under government shelter.
(STRUVE indulges in skeptical laughter)
Oh, I know it's too ridiculous - how could I doubt my own blood and kin - and yet -- the hint of it is everywhere.
(Again driven by the horror of it)
The women shun me -- why? The men look at me askance - why? The friends I made at first when I came here have fallen away - oh, why, why? The very air reeks with strange rumors. What is the truth?

STRUVE:

(Blowing smoke upward; slowly)
The truth is that our air is uncommonly pure.

HELEN:

(Indignantly)
You're just like the others. You keep me in short dresses. Why won't you give me the truth?
(More gently and troubled)
Please - you don't know how this makes me feel - give me the certainty, the assurance that will destroy this terrible doubt.

STRUVE:

(Eying her with open admiration; cynically)

Give, give, give! That's the woman's cry. Give me this, give me that - selfish sex! Why don't you offer something in return? You are traders, women usurers. You are curious, hence miserable! I can help you, therefore I must break my promises and risk my honor on your caprice. Well --

(Rising suddenly and putting chair noisily behind him)

That's womanlike, and I've half a mind to do it -

(HELEN makes a movement as if to encourage him)

But not gratis!

(A pause, as they face each other)

No; we'll trade.

HELEN:

(Agitated)

It's - it's not curiosity, believe me. I want the truth. Can't you see that I must know?

STRUVE:

(Taking a step or two toward her)

You say it's not curiosity. Whatever it is, I'll place a bet that you'll never rest till you know the contents of those papers you brought into me in advance of your uncle and McNamara. Heavens! When I think of it - yours was a trick to save the day that makes Paul Revere's ride slow down to a standstill --

HELEN:

(Breathlessly)

What do you mean? Tell me?

STRUVE:

(Terribly in earnest now)

See here. I've studied women, that's why my hair is white, and I've studied you till I know what you will and will not do. A woman might like a man --

(Closer, and gazing into her eyes)

might even marry him, if he foolishly allowed her, even though she knew him to be a crook, but she never could, if she only suspected.

(SHE flinches)

That may not be curiosity, but it's a blood relation to it. Suppose I said those documents told the truth - whether your uncle and the rest of us are in the right, or whether we deserve lynching.

HELEN:

(Impetuously)
I'd give my life to see them.

STRUVE:

Well - you may see them. They're in that safe.
(Indicates safe)
Will you trade?

HELEN:

(Excitedly)
Yes - yes. Give them to me.
(STRUVE makes as though to embrace her)

STRUVE:

Then a kiss to bind the bargain -- to apply on account --

HELEN:

(Retreating)
No, no -- not that -- not that!
(STRUVE pauses craftily)

STRUVE:

Suit yourself, but you'll change your mind. You'll have to.
(HE crosses to stove at L. again)
(Enter BRONCHO KID, door up R.; sees Helen, starts, stares at her, perturbed, pauses a moment while STRUVE goes on)
When you do, I'll give you the proof, if you pay the price - and I'm no extortioner, just a bargainer of some mean ability.

HELEN:

Oh!

STRUVE:

When they inscribe my headstone I hope they can carve thereon with truth: "Here lies Wilton Struve. He got value received."

(The KID tip toes back into room up R.)

HELEN:

Oh, I don't know why I've listened so long.

(Goes quickly to door D.R.)

You're a panther!

(Exit D.R.)

STRUVE:

(Lighting fresh cigar)

Graceful and elegant brute that - affectionate and full of play - but with sharp teeth and sharper claws. Also - when he leaps he brings down his quarry.

(Turns to the stove)

(Enter up R., KID, cautiously; seeing STRUVE alone, he comes down quickly and seizes him by the shoulder roughly)

KID:

(A new note of quickened feeling in his voice)

Who was that? That girl?

STRUVE:

Judge Stillman's niece.

KID:

Her name?

STRUVE:

Helen Chester.

KID:

Helen --!

KID:

STRUVE:

Why? Look good to you, Kid? Well, same here, so hands off. See?

KID:

(Seizing Struve fiercely)

You --

(Then as if in contempt)

Bah! I'm a fool.

STRUVE:

(Getting up)

Why, Kid, what's the matter?

KID:

(Going up L.; turns at door, scowling)

Don't you try it. See?

(Exit, banging outer door after him)

STRUVE:

Gee! Broncho's got the worst eye in the camp! Makes me creep when he throws it on me with that muddy look. Ugh! Think I'll have a drink.

(Exits door up R., into his room)

(Enter DEXTRY and SLAP JACK SIMMS through outer door up L. SIMMS is very tall, very thin, entirely bald, between forty and fifty years old. He has only one or two front teeth; very quiet and grins bashfully while women are around. His clothes are extremely loose, all much too large for him. He wears a pair of rubber hip boots several sizes too big. Both men observe their surroundings curiously on entering)

DEXTRY:

I reckon this is the joint, Slap Jack.

SIMMS:

Which this yere is the first law shack I ever see. Lawyers is all crooked. I don't trust 'em.

DEXTRY:

(Surveying the furniture)

Three cheers! It takes a rich man to afford 'em. They're luxuries, same as brandied peaches and silk undershirts.

SIMMS:

(Sitting by stove)

This yere fuss is all Glenister's fault. If he'd 'a' put up a fight in the first place we'd 'a' been workin' the Midas today 'stead of 'loafin' aroun' a disreputiable dive like this un. I'm p'ticklar 'bout where I'm seen.

DEXTRY:

(Leaning against table, R.)

He's lost all of his spercit. Seems like he might have hung onto the mine when he had it, instead of walkin' off as meek as a Chinaman. I don't believe in givin' up nothin' that you have in your mit. A bird in the hand is the noblest work of God.

(Rises; goes to door D.R.)

I wonder where the big smoke is.

(Knocks on door)

(Enter HELEN)

HELEN:

Why it's my friend.

DEXTRY:

(Highly pleased)

It ain't nobody else - an' this is olap Jack Simms, our foreman - leastways he was, when we had a mine.

(SIMMS removes his hat, wriggles with embarrassment)

Low he ain't nothin' but a kind of human bein'. He ain't what you'd call elegant to the naked eye; however, he's like dynamite -- thin but good.

(SIMMS grins and shows his lack of teeth)

HELEN:

I am glad to know you, Mr. Simms.

(SIMMS, greatly abashed, tries to speak, but only moves his lips)

What was that you said?

(Politely)

SIMMS:

(Tries again, fails, fills up his chest and this time shouts loudly, his voice seeming to burst forth beyond control)
Glad to see you!

DEXTRY:

Whoa! Easy over the rough spots. We're both present in person, Slap.

(To Helen)

Nor is he what you'd rightly term garrulous in the presence of ladies. He ain't house broken, bein' raised outdoors that - away, and lacks --

(Drawling it)

my polished ease of manner. When he's embarrassed his speech splinters up and sticks in his throat crossways like fishbones -

(Crossing his fingers to illustrate)

so he has to caugh it out.

HELEN:

(very much amused, but amiably)
If you're Mr. Dextry's friend I know I shall like you.

(Simms grins and wriggles)

DEXTRY:

(Sympathetically)
Well, Miss, any clue to that lost brother o' yourn?

HELEN:

No, not a sign.

(Turning half away)

He's cruel to hide from me this way. If he only knew - I need him so much now.

DEXTRY:

(Gallantly)
You ain't in trouble, Miss --?

HELEN:

(Lightly)
Oh, no - And how have you been getting on?

DEXTRY:
Fierce! I'm broke.

HELEN:
(Sympathetically)
That's a shame.

DEXTRY:
No, Miss, it's a coincidence. All of us is broke - Glenister, Slap Jack and little me. We only eat once a day to save money.

HELEN:
Oh!

DEXTRY:
And we sleep in three quarter beds because they're cheap.

HELEN:
Three quarter beds?

DEXTRY:
Uh-huh! Three beds at a quarter a piece.

HELEN:
Oh! I'm so sorry. How does - Mr. Glenister feel?

DEXTRY:
I don't know how he feels, but he acts like a beast of burden. Just stands around, chews his cud, and flaps his ears at the insects. We used to be the wildest lad that ever drawed a gun, but now - now he wouldn't fight if a Scandahoovian stole his tobacco. When he gets tired experimentin' with this new love game, I'll step in an' do some business on a common sense basis.

HELEN
You talk as if you wouldn't get fair play.

DEXTRY:

We won't. I look on all lawyers with suspicion, even to old bald-face, your uncle, axin' your pardon, an' gettin' it, bein' as I'm a friend an' he ain't no real relation of yours anyhow.

HELEN:

(Smiling)

I'm glad you're my friend.

(As if it suddenly struck her to ask)

Tell me - Who is Cherry Malotte?

DEXTRY:

Cherry? Well, now you ask - why - it's hard to say. She came to Dawson, the winter of '97 and in two days she had the brotherly love of the camp turning back-hand springs and frothing at the mouth. Glenister saved her life once and she - well, she sort of - likes him for it. Nobody knows who or what she is --

SIMMS:

(Interrupts earnestly)

I know. She's all the money, forty ways from the ace. She's the friend of every poor man from Dawson down the Yukon. I know. She's grubstaked 'em when they was busted and nursed 'em when they was sick. She's fed half the stew bums in camp. Why, she's fed me lots of times. She'd sell the shirt on her back to help --

DEXTRY:

Steady, Clay. Remember that Miss Chester and me are both present. Your talk ain't fit to eat.

SIMMS:

(Still in great excitement)

She's all to the good. I know. I'd go to hell for her!

(Realizes what he has said, and claps his hand to his mouth, and rapidly retreats up to window)

DEXTRY:

Don't mind his cuss words, Miss. In this country we figure that profane longwidge is like steam to a locomotive, requiring more to run up hill than on the level, and inasmuch as there ain't but a few men on the level, everybody swears.

SIMMS:

(Hanging out of window)

Yere 'e comes. Yere's the boy.

DEXTRY:

(Sighing with relief)

A-ah! We're goin' to end our troubles today, Miss. You'll see. I ain't followed the totterin' footsteps of the law none too close, but I reckon when the boy takes a hand in the game, it'll be a show down to a finish. And then we'll hear the proud flesh of victory.

(Enter GLENISTER through outer door up L. He looks eager, victory in his eye)

GLENISTER:

(Seeing DEXTRY first who crosses to him)

Hello, Dex.

DEXTRY:

Well, boy. Where's Wheaton?

GLENISTER:

He'll be here in a few minutes.

(Sees Helen, and comes down eagerly to her at R.C.)

(DEXTRY joins SIMMS up at window)

(GLENISTER is more subdued, and changed in manner. It is evident that his love for Helen has chastened and refined him)

GLENISTER:

I'm mighty glad to see you. I've come down from the hills a dozen times on the chance of a glimpse of you or a word. It has been a long time - the days drag when I'm away --

everybody sweeps.

on the level, and Lawmen on there

(leaning out of window)

's comes. Vine's the boy.

DEXTER:

(low with relief)

a show down. to a finish. And then we'll bear the proud

f victory.

T. He looks eager.

(seeing DEXTER first who crosses to him)

box.

DEXTER:

boy. Where's Wheaton?

HELEN:

(Ill at ease)
Please -- don't talk like that -- I don't care to hear it.

GLENISTER:

(Rebuffed)
Why will you wrap yourself up in your haughtiness? I've wrung my soul for what I did that night till there's nothing left but repentance.

HELEN:

It isn't that - entirely. I have been thinking it over since I came North, and I see that it wasn't an unnatural thing for you to do. I don't mean that it was pardonable, for it wasn't, and I hate you when I think about it, but I -- I'm sufficiently broad-minded not to blame you unreasonably - I mean that I -- I think I could like you in spite of it if --

GLENISTER:

Yes -- yes --?

HELEN:

But --- Oh, there is something about you that frightens me - something away back in you - hidden and fierce.

GLENISTER:

I've been trying to harness myself, but it's a hard job. If you'll be patient, I'll prove I can conquer and come to you with my soul in leash. You'll see that beneath all this savagery I've taken on from the frontier my love is true and gentle. Let me try to be worthy --

HELEN:

Oh please don't. You must not. Why will you insist?

GLENISTER:

(Calmly)
I never give up anything I want.

Please -- don't talk like that -- I don't care to hear it.

HELEN:

(Hotly)
Then it is because you are a - a savage. I was right.

GLENISTER:

(Smiling)
I remember some one who went through perils on land and water and never gave up until she got what she wanted.
(Tenderly)
And she was no savage.

HELEN:

That was different.
(Glad of the chance to change the subject)
By the bye, did you hear what happened to the good ship Ohio?

GLENISTER:

No; I've been too busy to inquire.

HELEN:

She was sent to Egg Island with every one on board. She has been quarantined there ever since and may not get away this summer.

GLENISTER:

What a disappointment to the poor devils on board.

HELEN:

Yes, and --
(Generously)
only for what you did, I should be one of them. Believe me, I am grateful - and you saved my life --
(Softening)

GLENISTER:

I didn't do much. The fighting part is easy. It's not half so hard as to give up your property and lie still while --

HELEN:

(A new light dawning in her eyes)
Then you -- you took my words -- seriously?

GLENISTER:

So seriously that I wouldn't fight when they put me off the Midas although I knew I was right.

HELEN:

(Eager, in spite of herself)
You did that because I said -- because I called you a savage?

GLENISTER:

Because you awoke my belief in womankind. Because you showed me the sort of a man I was, and made me long to be worthy of you. Because you taught me the meaning of love. I've found that it means sacrifice - and pain - sometimes. You were right - I've been a savage, but I'm living it down. Oh, girl, girl --
(He seizes her hands in both of his. She is drawn irresistibly to him, and looks up into his face as if under a spell)
Don't you know how it is with a man when he loves a good woman?

HELEN:

I know. I feel the change in you.
(Suddenly recalling herself and withdrawing)
No, no - not yet, I -- I'll tell me uncle you are here.
(Exits door D.R.)
(DEVINE turns from window when door closes and comes down to Glenister. GLENISTER is looking rapturously after Helen's exit)

GLENISTER:

(Without turning his eyes away)
Dex, I am going to marry that girl.

DEVINE:

I dunno if you be or not. Belief [illegible].

GLENISTER:

(Whipping around on him)

What?

DEXTRY:

I ain't blind. I kin put two an' two together.

GLENISTER:

(Recovering)

You'll never put those two together. Why, it's nonsense. The man's a rascal. I wouldn't let him have her. Besides, it couldn't be. She'll find him out.

(Putting his hands roughly on Dextry's shoulders)

Dex, old boy, I love her so much that --

(He thrusts DEXTRY off, playfully)

Oh my feelings are too big to talk about.

(He turns away from Dextry)

You can't understand.

DEXTRY:

(Drily)

Um-m! I 'spose not.

(Rubbing his chin sagely)

Well, I'll allow that Kellmara may be a rascal; I'll put it in with you on that, but he's a handsome devil, and as for manners, he makes you look like a logger.

(GLENISTER turns and listens with an ugly frown gathering on his brows)

He's a brave man too. When three qualities are trump cards and warranted to take most any queen in the human deck - red, white or yellow.

GLENISTER:

(Clenching his fists)

If he dared!

DEXTRY:

(Deliberately)

Boy, I've been sizin' up this here situation keerfully, and I've about made up my mind that you've met your match. It's like what that poetry man remarked with you and Kellmara --

I can't blind. I can put two an' two together.

(Impressively)

"There's neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth."

(GLENISTER and DEXTRY face each other with level gaze for a moment, then SIMMS breaks the spell, by turning round from the window where he has been hanging out, watching)

SIMMS:

Where's your law sharp? Where's Wheaton?

GLENISTER:

(crossing Dextry)

He'll be here soon.

SIMMS:

There 'e comes - on the run - like 'e was in answer to a 4-11 fire alarm.

(DEXTRY goes up and joins Simms)

GLENISTER:

At last! Once master of the Midas and I'll show her I'm no savage. I will win her.

(outer door up L. opens, and McNAMARA enters briskly. He scarcely glances at Glenister, but crosses straight to table R., removes his hat, and lights a cigar. But until he has lighted it does he speak. He is seated at Right side of table)

McNAMARA:

(Brusque and domineering)

Well! What do you want?

DEXTRY:

(He has turned and now comes down)

Just as glad to see us 'as if he'd run a nail in his foot.

"There's neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth."

GLENISTER:

(With quiet force)
We want what's coming to us, McNamara, and we're here to get it. We let you take possession of our mine because we had confidence in the law, but we got in wrong. We made the best fight possible, and when we were denied the right of appeal, we took the matter before the Federal Court in San Francisco. Now we're here to get our dues.

McNAMARA:

(Irritably)
Well, well! Come to the point! What's the answer?

(Enter WHEATON quickly through outer door up L. He is a bright young lawyer, about thirty-five years old. He carries law papers in his hand)

GLENISTER:

(Pointing to him)
There is the answer. Mr. William Wheaton - an honest lawyer!
(SIMMS is standing, or sitting, back to window; DEXTRY is seated by stove, face to C.; McNAMARA seated at Right of table, and GLENISTER and WHEATON standing C.)

WHEATON:

(Nods to Simms and Dextry)
Hello, boys!
(Returns GLENISTER'S smile and crosses to table, facing McNamara)
Mr. McNamara, I've just filed certified copies of these documents with the clerk of the court, directing you to turn back the Midas to its rightful owners, together with all the gold, and gold dust you have removed therefrom and have in your custody. I now make formal demand on you, in accordance with these writs, to produce your books of account, your safe deposit keys, and approximately, five hundred thousand dollars in gold.
(He hands papers to McNAMARA, who pockets them without even deigning to look at them)

McNAMARA:

(Quietly)
Well, I won't do it.
(The others gasp in astonishment)

GLENISTER:

You won't --
(Swallows it)

WHEATON:

(Breaking in quickly)
Why, you must. You can't help yourself.

McNAMARA:

(Rising to his full height)
I can't help myself, eh? You watch me. Don't think for a minute that I went into this fight unarmed.
(Coming down to door R.)
Writs of supersedeas! Bah!
(snaps fingers)

WHEATON:

We'll see whether you'll obey or not.
(To Glenister)
Where is the Judge?

McNAMARA:

Never mind the Judge. I'll see him myself.
(Exit quickly, door D.R.)

DEXTRY:

(The first to find his speech)
Well, what d'ye think of that?

WHEATON:

It's unheard of! Judge Stillman will have to obey the orders of his Superior Court. There's no way out of it.

GLENISTER:

(His gorge rising)
That politician is up to another trick. But he's made a fool of me for the last time. We've fought his fair, and if he doesn't yield, by Heaven, there'll be murder!

DEXTRY:

(Slaps Glenister on back, heartily)

That's the first decent remarks you've made in a month. They're man's size, them words are. They're growed up, and got hair on their chests. Boy I'm with you.

SIMMS:

(Loudly)

Let's hop in an' clean up the whole damn mess like we was killin' snakes.

(Enter McNAMARA door R.R. followed by HELEN, McNAMARA comes out, but HELEN stays at R., looking apprehensive)

McNAMARA:

(Snapping)

Haven't you gone yet? I told you it was no use.

GLENISTER:

(Advancing on him, enraged)

We've had enough of your crooked work, you infernal scoundrel. Give me back the Midas, or I'll make it man to man fight and down you like a dog.

McNAMARA:

(Sinisterly)

Ha! Threats at last, eh? I thought that was your work. You don't know anything but fighting.

(Loudly and domineering)

But it don't go. You can't threaten me . Understand?

(Turns to Helen, mockingly)

Behold your gallant knight of the six-shooter, your daring Dick Turpin who's afraid to meet me alone, but brave enough when he sees me with a woman.

GLENISTER:

(Furiously)

I don't hide behind any women's skirts and I'll choke those words down your throat.

HELEN:

(crosses to Glenister at r.C. Talks to him apart, beseechingly)
You told me you had conquered yourself, but you're still the same hot-blooded savage. Can't you be a man and let the law take its course? You must win if your cause is just.

(Chorus of song "The Long Trail" is heard outside as if being sung by some passing miners on the street below)

(McNAMARA has resumed work at table, unheeding, save for an occasional uneasy glance at Helen and Glenister)

(CLARK, DEXTRY and WHARTON are waiting and talking in dumb show up left H.)

GLENISTER:

(Struggling with himself)
You don't understand how it is. He insulted me.

HELEN:

And so you think to win by brawling and bullying?

GLENISTER:

(Stung, yet angry)
I hate the sight of his sneering eyes.

HELEN:

(As the song is loudest; laying her hand on his arm)
Listen - that's the song they sang on the Santa Maria - the song we heard together - when - you remember?

GLENISTER:

(mastering himself)
Yes - yes. You called me a savage that night, and I vowed I'd change.

(A pause)
I will. Don't be afraid. It's all right now, girl. There'll be no trouble here.

(HELEN smiles her thanks, and goes back to R.)

(Under song the men up L.)
Now, this is no time for fighting. We'll settle by the law.

(To Helen)
Please bring in the Judge.

(HELEN is about to go into room R.C., when CLARK opens door suddenly and draws his six shooter on McNamara)

(As the song is loudest: leaving her hand, on his a-

SIMMS:

I'm goin' to cop him - just for luck.
(As he raises the weapon, GLENISTER wrenches it out of his hand)

GLENISTER:

None of that. I'll have no violence.

SIMMS:

(Disgusted)
Well, of all the eighteen kinds of damn fools, you're the kindest.
I could have got him easy .
(Stamps up angrily)
(GLENISTER places the revolver in his hip pocket)

McSWAN:

(Coming down to Helen)
You'd better retire. Allow me.
(Opens door D.R. HELEN exits. To others)
I'll bring in the Judge.
(Exit D.R., closing door after him)

DEXTRY:

(Disgusted)
When it comes to soft talk, you are certainly the Custard Kid.
You've flopped over again, eh? What have you got in your
veins anyhow? It ain't blood. It's Florida water.

GLENISTER:

Don't worry about my blood. It's all right and you can mark a
ticket on that.

DEXTRY:

(Looking him over)
Well, you seem to be far from a well woman.
(Paces about anxiously; goes up stage as Glenister talks)
(SIMMS has retired crestfallen by window. WINTON is sitting
at left of table, his head in his hand, his brows knit, his
foot tapping the floor in anxiety and doubt)

GLENISTER:

I'm sick of the fighting game, that's all. I'm going to stick to the law. If only he knew what these people were up to - if we had a chance to spy on them - we could probably beat them at their own game.

(Up stage) DEXTRY:

'Tain't no use. We've had detectives at work but all they detected was the fact that we're broke - then they quit.

(He pulls back portieres of cubby hole)

There don't seem to be no way of spying on this outfit.

(Goes into little room)

I wonder what they keep here.

(Turns and looks out; starts as though an idea had struck him. Motions to GLENISTER who has been observing him)

Say - what's the matter with this?

(Indicating by a backward shake of his head)

GLENISTER:

(Puts finger on lip; nods head affirmatively)

Sh-h-h!

(McNAMARA and the JUDGE enter door D.R. as he does so. JUDGE has papers in his hand. McNAMARA takes his seat at table; the OTHERS group about JUDGE at R.C.)

JUDGE:

I have looked over these papers, Mr. Wheaton, but I can't enforce them.

WHEATON:

Why not?

JUDGE:

I don't believe they are genuine.

WHEATON:

Not genuine! My heavens, man! They are certified copies of orders from your superior court in San Francisco granting the appeal you denied us, and taking the case out of your hands. You can't help yourself.

JUDGE:

It looks to me like a clever ruse to get hold of the bullion and the mine, but it won't work.

CHRISTER:

...nick of the fighting game, that's all. I'm going to ...
...'s had a chance to apply it now - he could probably beat
...them at their own game.

(...tage) DEXTER:

...Turns and looks ...

...(Exits on a beginning double L' his head)

...and the JUDGE enter down C.S. as he does so. JUDGE
...in the hand. MCMURTRA tapes his ...
...(...

JUDGE:

I have looked over these papers, Mr. Wraxton, but I don't enforce

...

...

...

...

...

It looks to me like a clever ruse to get hold of the bullion
and the mine, but it won't work.

WHEATON:

(Distractedly)

Do you have the effrontery to tell me what? Remember I am a lawyer

JUDGE:

(Losing his temper)

You say these are certified copies, but how do I know they are?

(slaps papers with back of hand)

These signatures may be all false. You may have signed them yourself --

WHEATON:

(Fiercely breaking in)

What? Why - you old reprobate! You accuse me of forgery, eh?

(CLENDINEN restrains him, holding his arms)

I'll make you answer for that. I've fought you heretofore as a lawyer for his clients, but from now on it's a battle as man to man. I'll have you off the bench and behind the bars -- and you too, Alec McNamara, Czar of Dakota. You introduced your rotten politics into your own state and debauched the whole Northwest, but you can't do it here. This is a big, clean land, peopled by rough and honest men. We're poor fellows, thanks to your robberies, but we're not cowards and you shan't defile our country. We'll beat you and your gang. We'll run you out of the North. We'll brand you across its length and breadth as thieves and jailbirds!

(A murmur of voices is heard off, increasing rapidly. DEXTRY and SIMMS run up to window and look out)

DEXTRY:

Looks like a riot!

SIMMS:

Hell to pay here!

(enter STRUVE door up R., intoxicated)

STRUVE:

(Coming down)

Wha's all 'is racket 'bout?

(The outer door suddenly bursts open, and a CROWD OF MINERS bustle in, all much excited and noisy. CHERRY MALOTTE and the COUNT du SPARC are with them, the COUNT with a lemon in his hand)

CROWD:

(In an uproar)
Where's McNamara? We want to know about the Midas. Show me the robber. Let's hear Bill Wheaton.
(CHERRY comes to the front and takes command)

CHERRY:

Boys, boys! Don't all talk at once.
(CROWD falls silent, somewhat embarrassed, mumbling among themselves. They scatter out, some coming down left(

McNAMARA:

(On his feet behind table R.)
Well, speak up.

(Enter HELEN, door D.R.; takes position beside JUDGE at R.)

HELEN:

(Alarmed)
Oh,- what is the matter?

CASSIAR CHARLEY:

You talk for us, Cherry.

CROWD:

Yes, go ahead.
(McNAMARA sits again)

CHERRY:

These boys heard that Wheaton had won back the Midas for Glenister and Dextry, and they've come to find if it's true.

JUDGE:

Who are these men?

(This action does indirectly involve Lucy, but -- [illegible] or [illegible] the "Lucy" to [illegible] eye also [illegible], for Lucy's life + [illegible] it [illegible].)

(To all [illegible].)

(CHERRY comes to the front and takes over.)

CHERRY:

Now, Mary! Don't all talk at once.

(Enter Julia right. Stops [illegible]. Watches [illegible].)

(Enter Mary left. [illegible] Sees Julia [illegible].)

MARY:

(Affected.)

GASSIAR CHARLEY:

Yes, no shame.

[illegible]:

These boys heard that Winston had run back the Judge For [illegible]

CHERRY:

(Pearlessly)
They're the ones you drove from their mines to install that politician.
(Indicating McNamara)
They're fellows who fought the cold and misery of the Arctics for an honest living till you came. They can't talk very well, and they want me to speak for them, so I'll do it, because they're friends of mine, and I know how they fought and failed, fought and failed till they made their strikes, only to be robbed by a gang of crooks. You left them without money to go to law, so they have come to find out if Wheaton has succeeded with the Midas. If he has, it will give them courage to starve in the hills and suffer in the snows again till they can loose your grip.
(Murmurs of approval from the MINERS)

STRUVE:

(Mockingly)
Ho, ho! Starve 'n the hills, an' suffer 'n the snow! What a band of heroes.

CHERRY:

(With spirit)
They are heroes! Any man is a hero who gives up comfort and love and home to blaze a trail in the wilderness. It takes a hero to go out into the silent places, facing famine and death in a land where hardship is a heritage.

PEYTON JONES:

(Hear the front to companion)
Are we that kind of fellows, Dutchy?

HIS COMPANION:

Shoor! Don't you hear vat she called us? Heroes!

STRUVE:

Bah! You're nothin' but a gang of rowdies led by a dance hall fairy - a woman of the alleyes - a common --

in a land where immobility is a heritage.

GLENISTER:

(Fiercely breaking in; at L.C.)
Say that word and I'll kill you!
(Leads forward with clenched fists. CROWD murmurs indignantly. CHERRY shrinks back humiliated. COUNT du SPARC steps up to her, lemon in hand, bows courteously)

COUNT:

Mademoiselle - I beg of you not to be offend' with the dis-cour-r-tesy of thees r-ruffian. He shall of that insult answer to me!
(Sucks lemon furiously, and takes his place beside Cherry, gallantly)

CROWD:

(Sympathetically)
That's right. Don't mind him, Cherry. He's drunk. Freeman's the goods all right.

McNAMARA:

(Rising again)
Gentlemen, you want to know if Wheaton has bluffed me out, do you? Well, let him answer the question himself.
(McNAMARA comes down beside HELEN; seems to be urging her to withdraw; SHE refusing)

WHEATON:

(Addressing the crowd)
He refuses to obey the writs I served, boys.
(Cries of indignation from crowd)
I can't compel him because he has soldiers to fall back on -
(defiantly)
but I'm not through yet.
(More cries)
Cherry says you're broke and can't push your suits. That's all right. I'll take your cases for nothing, and if you'll help me, I'll never sleep till we land this pack of cut-throats in the pen, so help me God!

CROWD:
(eagerly in chorus)
Hooray! Whoopee! Bully for you, Bill. We're with you, Wheaton--

WHEATON:
(Going up to outer door L. through crowd who surge after him eagerly)
Come on, boys; come over to my office -- all of you --
(Exit SIMMS with the others. As the CROWD goes out, the COUNT leaves CHERRY up L.C. and crosses to STRUVE at R.)

COUNT:
(Drawing himself up)
Sir-r! You 'ave insult a ver' beautiful lady , of whom I have the honaire to be acquaint'. For that you shall fight.

STRUVE:
(Tipsily)
Roll your hoop, frog legs - run along -- ta-ta!

COUNT:
You r-r-riffuse? Then you are not a man at all. No! You are a-a-
(Gesticulates wildly at a loss for words)
You are not'ing but a lawyer! There! Pouf!
(Twists STRUVE'S nose. STRUVE startled - draws back)
My card, monsieur.
(Hands a lemon from pocket. Sees it; snatches it, and replaces it with a card)
Pah!
(Stares at Struve a moment; STRUVE is too tipsy and startled to resent the Count's charge)

HELEN:
So that is Cherry Malotte.
(Glancing jealously at Glenister)
I wonder if he loves her.

JUDGE:
This is no place for you, Helen. Run into my room. I'll be with you in a minute.
(Exit HELEN door D.R.)
(McNAMARA is seated on table R., swinging his coat)

McNAMARA:
(sharply, when HELEN exits)
Well, gentlemen, you've taken enough of my time for one day. You'd better join your friends.

[illegible]:

(Would be not ready I a [illegible] him mind)

[illegible] here a ready let at time and talk' wasted around here we' [illegible] well, but I've got a week for [illegible] Prince ready.

(Quickens [illegible])

[illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]! I [illegible] to [illegible] Mia business, as' but' as we're [illegible], I wonder [illegible]. But don't around the [illegible], for I'm pray' to [illegible] with this [illegible] to [illegible]. Then day I'll here in here passed as' [illegible] there there [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

(Enter Struve, door up R., whiskey glass in hand. Looks about cautiously. McNAMARA is reading the newspaper.)

STRUVE:

Have they gone?

McNAMARA:

(Puts down paper.)
Yes. Drunk again, eh?

STRUVE:

(Lurching down R.)
How d' you find out my private 'fairs? Eh? Someb'dy 'nform 'n me?

McNAMARA:

Bah! You make a fool of yourself just now.
(Gets up and paces back and forth.)
You're drinking too hard of late. It's hard -- even for you.

STRUVE:

(Falls into chair McNAMARA has just vacated.)
You're wrong. 'Tain't hard for me. It's easy!

McNAMARA:

You can see, by what has just happened that this fight is growing dangerous and that we'll need every one of our faculties, mental and physical.
(Stepping in front of Struve.)
You've got to quit drinking. You can't fight booze and keep in condition at the same time -- nobody can.

STRUVE:

Objection overruled. I'm like the motion to adjourn -- I'm always in order.

McNAMARA:

(Throwing up his hands in disgust.)
A drunkard for District Attorney! An old woman on the bench

and both cowards.

STRUVE:

(Making hard work of talking and stuttering over long words.)

Your opinion -- regarding the pusillanimity of our dignified and learned colleague on the bench is not without certain foundation in fact, but -- your statement concerning my courage is founded largely upon circumstantial evidence, much of which is merely corroborative -- and none of which is conclusive -- hence, in it's entirety quite insufficient in law.

McNAMARA:

You are quitters, both of you.

STRUVE:

The Judge isaquitter -- sure thing -- but I'm all right. He ain't got the backbone of an angleworm. He ain't half the man that his niece is. There's a girl for you! Say! What'd we do without her, eh?

McNAMARA:

(Pacing.)

Umph!

(GLENISTER'S face is seen at the window ajar up R. from time to time, taking in the scene.)

STRUVE:

Wasn't it funny how she worked that fool Glenister? Jove, it took nerve to bring in your instructions all alone the way she did. Only for her, we'd never have won like this.

(He chuckles tipsily.)

It makes me laugh to think of Glenister and his fool partner stowing her away in their stateroom while they slept between decks with the sheep, and her with the papersin her bosom all the time. Then when we got good and ready to jump the Midas, why, she up and talked the young fellow into coughing up without a fight - just because he was foolish about her. That's what I call reciprocating a man's affection. He - he -- he! Oh, she's a good one!

(His expression changes to cunning passion.)

She looked good to me the first time I saw her. On the level, Mac, I'm crazy about that girl -- absolutely crazy - and I'll have her too --

(Pounds table with his fist. McNAMARA stops abruptly, stares intently at Struve.)

I've got my plans laid. She can't get away, by Heaven.

McNAMARA:

(Looking dangerous, but cool.)

So -- you mean to marry our clever young friend?

STRUVE:

(Chuckles.)

Marry! Ha, ha! That's a good one! Look at that hair -

(Bows head forward.)

It's gray - not red. Do I look like the marrying kind? No, sir.

(Lies back in chair, stretching out his legs, facing McNamara.)

Mac, I've got her where she'll have to come to me. I've made the proposition -

(Waving his hand in a large way.)

She can't refuse.

(McNAMARA, without a word, leaps at him, seizes him by the throat and forces his head and shoulders back upon the table so that STRUVE'S face is turned upward. They struggle. McNAMARA places his knee against Struve's body holds him down, STRUVE'S hands flop, then he collapses. McNAMARA throws him out on the floor where he falls limp.)

(GLEWISTER'S head is almost through the window in the excitement of watching the scene.)

(McNAMARA sits, lights a cigar, then takes a glass of water from the table and dashes it over Struve's face. STRUVE stirs, groans, tries to rise, feels of his neck, stares up at McNamara in terror.)

McNAMARA:

(Without removing the cigar from his teeth.)

Get up!

STRUVE:

(Obeying.)

Why -- did you -- do -- that?

McNAMARA:

Because I'm engaged to marry that girl. Now get out before I hurt you.

(STRUVE gets his hat, shambles across to L., and with a look of hatred at McNamara, exits by outer door up L.) (When door closes.)

That means another enemy. I'll have to look after these papers - the damned fool!

(Goes to safe, opens it, kneels before it and searches among the contents. The sound of a book falling is heard up R. in cubby hole. McNAMARA whirls and draws his gun, listens an instant then shakes his head.)

Hold on, Alec - you're growing nervous, and that won't do.

(Instead of replacing the weapon he naturally lays it on the bottom of the safe, just inside the safe door, and resumes his search.)

(GLENISTER emerges from the cubby hole, reaching out his hand blindly. He is like a drunken man as he crosses, cat-like, down to C. without disturbing McNamara.)

GLENISTER:

(After a pause; hoarsely.)

It's a lie!

(McNAMARA whirls, leaps to his feet, and instinctively slams the safe door as though to guard the contents.)

McNAMARA:

You!

GLENISTER:

Say it's a lie, McNamara. Tell me you said it to close that knave's mouth.

(Piteously.)

It's a lie - isn't it?

McNAMARA:

What is a lie? What are you talking about?

GLENISTER:

I heard it all -- I was hiding -- there -

(Indicating cubby hole.)

but you lied to him - didn't you?

McNAMARA:

(Hisses it.)

Spy! So you overheard. Well, I hope you're satisfied for your pains. No, it's not a lie. She'll be my wife. She promised last Spring -- in Washington.

GLENISTER:

(Reels at first as though struck, then.)

Not that -- not that. I mean -- it was a lie about the other - about the papers. She didn't know what message she carried. Tell me she's innocent, as you believe in woman's purity. Tell me she didn't know and I'll forgive the other. I'll forgive you everything. I'll go away. I'll give her to you, and the Midas too, but don't kill my faith in her, man -- for God's sake.

McNAMARA:

(Deliberately.)

It is all true.

GLENISTER:

No, no. She can't be wrong. She's not like the others. Why, her smile makes you glad and good and warm, and her eyes are as clear and honest as a mountain pool -- and --

(As McNAMARA stands relentless and unmoving.)

Don't say she knew - all the time.

McNAMARA:

(Slowly.)

She knew it all. The scheme was hers. And she will be Mrs. McNamara.

GLENISTER:

(Slowly drops his hands, straightens his shoulders.)

God! It can't be true. I don't believe it. It's too horrible. You're a liar! The scheme was yours, and you made her do your dirty work. Say it -- say it quick.

(McNAMARA stands unflinching and dumb, letting the ugly facts sink in. GLENISTER begins to doubt, he staggers, then pulls himself together, and bursts into a fiendish fit of laughter.)

So, they're all alike, are they? Damn you. So she's -

(Hesitates.)
She's crooked like the rest? She fooled me with her pretty innocence? She played with me, and took the Midas for her lover?
(He covers his eyes for a moment with the back of his hand.)
Oh, God, no -- not that.
(Then resolutely drawing himself up, he faces it.)
Well, she did it; you've got me where you wanted me, but I'm absolved from my promises -- I'll be a fool no longer.
(Draws his weapon.)

McNAMARA:
(Retreating.)
Hold on -- you can't do that -- I'm unarmed.

GLENISTER:
You lie again. Take off your coat.
(McNAMARA obeys.)
Turn around.
(McNAMARA does so; GLENISTER lowers his weapon.)
You can't escape me this way. Come here. I'll fight you fair.
(McNAMARA comes to C. GLENISTER goes to safe, lays his gun on top of it, slips off his own coat.)

McNAMARA:
What are you going to do?

GLENISTER:
I'm going to choke those lies down your throat. Can you fight?

McNAMARA:
(Stiffens.)
I was never beaten.

GLENISTER:
I'll break you with my naked hands.
(THEY crouch and rush together, and wrestle about R., overturning furniture. Quietly and stealthily they

struggle seeking an advantage. McNAMARA reaches up and grasps Glenister's face with his right hand. GLENISTER releases his holding hands back, freeing himself. McNAMARA rushes to safe and reaches for Glenister's gun which is in plain sight on top of safe. GLENISTER pursues him.)
(McNAMARA places right hand on gun. He is facing the safe, his body against it, as GLENISTER seizes him about the waist, grasps McNamara's right wrist in his right hand, thus pressing his breast to McNamara's back.)

Traitor!

(GLENISTER slips his left hand up and over back of McNamara's neck, thus securing the hammerlock hold. McNAMARA'S head is bowed forward. THEY struggle. GLENISTER gradually forces McNamara's right arm back, down past his side, and across his back as in wrestling.)

(At the word "Traitor" enter HELEN and JUDGE, door C. R.; pause aghast.)

HELEN:

(To Judge.)

Oh! Stop them -- stop them!

(The JUDGE hangs back, helpless. HELEN runs to open window.)
(Calling outside.)

Help -- help -- quick!

(Then she turns and watches with fright in her eyes.)
(Sound of approaching footsteps, and enter hurriedly by outer door, up L. STRUVE, CHERRY, DEXTRY, ELAF JAIN, and GENERAL MINERS. THEY stand at L. C., aghast. Only STRUVE crosses to interfere.)

STRUVE:

What's the trouble?

JUDGE:

It's murder!

(STRUVE rushes forward towards the wrestlers, but DEXTRY steps out and seizes him, and whirls him aside, so that STRUVE reels backwards, up R., across to R., against table.)

DEXTRY:

Hands off. This is a fair fight.

CHERRY:

(In the foreground at C.)

It's the hammerlock -- he'll break his arm.

(GLENISTER forces McNAMARA'S arm upward, pauses, heaves his shoulders as though in a final bursting strength. (McNAMARA cries out loudly. Gun falls from his grasp. He sinks for ard to his knees, then on his face. GLENISTER reels back, staggering at C. CHERRY runs forward, supporting him on left side. He throws out his left arm across her breast, his hand gripping her left shoulder. He is exhausted, panting, stands gazing at McNamara. DEXTRY is on his right side.)

HELEN:

He's killed him.

(She runs to McNamara, kneels, lifts up his head.)

GLENISTER:

(Hoarsely, as if to himself.)

It's true -- she loves him.

(STROVE is seen seated at R. gloating over the downfall of his rival.)

JUDGE:

(Shaking his fist, threateningly.)

You've murdered him. You'll hang for this, young man.

(He joins Helen by McNamara's side.)

GLENISTER:

(With a weary smile.)

Oh, no -- he's alive. But I beat the traitor. And I broke him -

(Breaks loose from Cherry and Dextry, and holds his hands out.)

I broke him with my naked hands.

HELEN:

(Rising; gazes at Glenister with loathing and reproach.)

(Pointing her finger at him.)

You did this -- you monster -- and after all your fair words and promises. You swore you would not fight again -- you savage!

I broke him with my naked hand.

GLENISTER:

(Swaying toward her. In despair.)

You don't understand, - girl. You don't understand.

HELEN:

You tricked me -- Oh, you wild beast!

GLENISTER:

(Beside himself.)

She says I tricked her - I!

(Laughs wildly.)

God! It's true -- it's true -

(He catches at Dexter's shoulder with his right hand to steady himself.)

What did I tell you, Dex? They're all bad -- all bad!

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-:- A C T III. -:-

A NORTHMAN'S LOVE.

SCENE: The Northern Dance Hall, Christmas Eve. Along R. runs the bar with bottles, glasses and general outfit pertaining to it. Door L. door to card room. Up L. door fitted with heavy wooden bar, close to foot of staircase back L., leading to a low gallery divided into boxes, each with a curtained front. Chairs and tables in boxes. Curtains are looped back in all but one box, where they are down. Swinging double doors at R. C. also with heavy wooden bar hung perpendicular on one of the doors which can be used to bar the doors. When the doors swing open you get a glimpse of the saloon beyond, brilliantly lighted, and MEN and YOUNG passing to and fro. A faro table is D. R., with stools near it. A high "look-out" chair is behind table. Table and chairs D. L. near door to card room. Piano with front removed a. D. C. raised on a platform eighteen inches from the floor. On front end of bar a large pair of gold scales with "blowers" or scoops for handling gold-dust. Both card tables are placed beneath large shaded lights hung low from ceiling. Gallery, boxes, and bar decorated with fir boughs in honor of the Christmas season.

Before the curtain rises a square dance is started to the music of piano on stage. A MAN calls the figures loudly, and there is the sound of thumping feet keeping time to the music. Noisy laughter and general festivity worked up to a crescendo as the curtain rises.

When the curtain rises, the scene is in full swing. The women are well dressed,

the MEN in diversified winter costumes. Some wear leather boots, some rubber shoe packs, some "mukluks" on their feet. Some are in grudy Mackinaw clothes, others in canvas coats, sweaters, etc. A group of men are drinking at the bar, these wear fur overcoats, "parka's" fur caps, mittens, etc. There are several SOLDIERS about, in uniform and government style, with fur caps. The fur coats, wraps, etc. of the dancers hang on a row of hooks at R. L. beside the staircase.

The PIANIST is without coat or vest, and wears a very loud patterned shirt with white collar, the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, showing a red undershirt protruding beneath. He is smoking a very long cigar which he maintains at a sharp angle. He plays everything in ragtime and frequently switches in the harp attachment of the piano. He wears a green reading shade to protect his eyes.

MINERS and WOMEN are seen in the boxes drinking and laughing. Wine bottles pop in the gallery. Those in the boxes threw corks down at the dancers. The curtains of the closed box are pushed aside and a man and woman lean out and look down on the crowd for a minute or so, then pull the curtains close again.

ALGERNON, a burly waiter with white apron, red flannel shirt, sleeves rolled up, is serving drinks to the boxes. He runs up and down the staircase, skates across floor to the bar and is a hustler. His face is unshaven, and he is very tough. TOBY, the bartender, is much the same type.

CASSIAR CHARLEY and COUNT DU SPARC are among the loiterers at the bar. The DUCHESS is dancing with PEYTON JONES, a young tenderfoot, wearing a sweater with a blue Y on bosom. As the dance proceeds, door up L. opens, letting in a cloud of steam and snow as though a blizzard was raging outside.

Enter MEXICO MULLINS, dressed in a long hooded parka made of striped bed ticking - The edges of the hood are trimmed with fur. On his feet he wears moccasins and German socks, reaching to the knees. He removes his mittens, pushes back his parka hood, showing a Canadian yarn cap beneath; stamps snow from his feet, and crosses to the Bar, where he shakes hands with CASSIAR CHARLEY, COUNT DU SPARC and OTHERS. He is seen ordering drinks, and as they finish the drinks served, the dance breaks up, and the dancers crowd to the bar.

PEYTON JONES and the DUCHESS sit at table L., and are immediately joined by MEXICO MULLINS, THE COUNT and CASSIAR CHARLEY, who cross to them on finishing their drinks. As they sit ALGERNON is coming down the stairs and the COUNT hails him.

COUNT:

Garçon! Garçon!

ALGERNON:

(Hurrying forward.)
See here, pal, don't gimme none of that French dope. I don't like it - see? Me name is Algernon.
(Wiping table with apron.)
W'at'll you have?

DUCHESS:

You know mine, Algy.

ALGERNON:

Sure.

JONES:

I'll have a swissesse.

ALGERNON:

A what ess?

I'll have a swimmeree.

JONES:

A swissesse.

CHARLEY:

Give me a golden fizz.

MULLINS:

Tom and Jerry for me.

COUNT:

Give me lemonad'.

ALGERNON:

(Scornfully.)
See here! Youse guys is in the wrong place. This is a saloon.
Youse want a hospital.
(Skates across to bar and calls loudly.)
Five beers!

(While this and the following scenes are going on, the DANCERS are drinking at the bar. As each man pays, the BARTENDER tosses a percentage check to the girl with him, which she drops in the bosom of her dress, puts in her pocket or in her stocking. ONE MINER produces a buckskin gold sack. BARTENDER unties it, places weights on gold scales, pours just into "blower", weighs it, ties bag and hands it back.)

MULLINS:

Boys, I drove fifty miles since daylight to be here for Christmas Eve.

JONES:

Expecting a present, Mr. Mullins?

MULLINS:

Hear the kid! Me gettin' a Christmas present! Holy smoke!
(Laughs at the idea.)
I ain't had one of them perquisites for nigh on twenty years.

A weleeeee.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Give me a little time.

[illegible]:

Yes and hurry for me.

[illegible]:

Give me lemonad'.

[illegible]:

(Scornfully.)

[illegible]

Xonso want a hospital.

(Loudly moves in her own voice loudly.)

Give Xonso!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

CHARLEY:

Nor me. The last Christmas gift I got was at Forty Mile the winter of '92. A halfbreed give me two black eyes. I kept them ornaments all through the holidays.

DUCHESS:

Well, Jonesy knows the size of my stockin'.
(Ogling Jones.)
You won't leave a wrinkle in it tomorrow, eh, Kid?
(Before he can reply, ALGERNON returns with five mugs of beer, which he carries by thrusting fingers and thumb in each mug from above. HE sets them on the table with a thump, flips the foam from his fingers, wipes hand on his other sleeve, leans carelessly against table, gazing front, his feet crossed. He is waiting for his money.)

(ALL drink, except COUNT DU SPARC, who is astonished at this action and regards his drink curiously.)

COUNT:

(Smelling the drink.)
W'at ees this? I order lemonad'.
(ALGERNON reaches forward, flecks particle of dust from the count's shoulder with his finger. The COUNT starts back annoyed.)

ALGERNON:

(Resuming his former position.)
Who has the privilege of paying for this?
(With rising inflection.)

DUCHESS:

The treat's on Frenchy, ain't it?

ALGERNON:

(Impatiently.)
Well, come in - come in with the cash. I'm workin' tonight. This ain't no G. A.R. encampment.

COUNT:

But - you bring me beer -
(Indicating his drink, indignantly.)
I say lemonad'.

them ornaments all through the holidays.

(ALGERNON removes stick pin from the Count's cravat, examines it carefully, breathes on it, polishes it on his sleeve, holds it off critically, then replaces it.)

ALGERNON:

Gee! Ain't that the swell gig lamp! Them diamonds is fit to handle with tweezers. Two dollars!

COUNT:

Mon Dieu! Two dollar!

ALGERNON:

Sure! One lemonade, one Tom and Jerry, one muddy sluice head, one same as before come again, and a -

(Mumbling the word.)

Ham-a-ugh-augh. Five mixed drinks.

(OTHERS are quietly enjoying the fun.)

COUNT:

I r-rifuse - I will not pay.

ALGERNON:

(Rapping the table under Count's nose.)

Come on! See me! Are youse crippled?

(COUNT throws bill on table, which ALGERNON lifts, makes change rapidly and starts away.)

COUNT:

(Looking at the change.)

Stop! I am cheat.

ALGERNON:

(Returning; threateningly.)

W'at's that?

COUNT:

You 'ave return to me only two dollar an' a half. Give me fifty cent.

ALGERNON:

Cheese, pal, cheese! Go out an' work for your money. Don't try to gouge a poor workin' boy.

DUCHESS:

Give him his four bits, Algy. You know you short-changed him.

JONES:

That's right. I saw you do it.

ALGERNON:

Holy Mackinaw! I earned dat four bits chewin' de rag. Wat d'ye t'ink I'm workin' for? Me health' was good before I took de job. Here's your money.

(Tosses coin on table, and hurries out through swing doors B. into gambling hall.)

COUNT:

(Picks up coin.)

Ha! I am no fool. No more bones' man's give me the flim-flam -

(Looking at coin sharply; starts.)

Counterfeit! Ah - I am bunco!

(Rises amid the laughter of the OTHERS, and runs through swing doors B. after Algernon.)

(Simultaneously the door up L. is flung open violently, steam and snow blow in, and wind howls. Enter DEXTRY, clothed in fur parka, fur cap, reindeer boot, etc. BLUEJACK SLOAN follows, dressed similarly with six Eskimo dogs in harness, and in his hand a dog whip, (12 feet long, braided lash, short handle.) They stamp snow fromtheir boots.)

DEXTRY:

(Loudly.)

Whew! Wow!

MULLINS:

(Rising.)

Wal, if it ain't ole Joe Dextry.

CHARLEY:

(Rising too.)
An' Slap. Howdy pal!
(Group at bar turn to look.)
(ALGERNON crosses quickly.)

SLIM:

Somebody take these animiles; I need a drink.
(ALL EXCEPT takes dogs through swing doors R.)

DEXTRY:

Whee! Sixty miles since daylight with the quicksilver froze all the way. I guess that's goin' some. The dogs are dead.
(SLIM and DEXTRY remove their mittens and caps, slapping them violently, then pull off their parkas, showing flannel shirts and belts beneath. Each wears a sheath knife.)
(Several couples at the bar go through swing doors at R. ALGERNON returns and hails Toby, the bartender.)

DEXTRY:

(Noticing Mullins.)
Hello, you ole timhorn - gettin' fat an' sleyin' both ends ag'in the center.
(Slapping Mullins' stomach with his mitts.)
What's scrambled your middle available so strong, Mexico?
(Crossing to bar; CITIZENS fall back.)
Huh! Come on, boys. Breast up to the mahogany. I'm goin' to squander a lot of money for booze - my first drink since leavin' the Artics. Wow! I want it so bad, I'll scrape it and snuff it up my nose.
(ALL line up along the bar.)
(SLIM, DEXTRY and ALGERNON get busy serving up drinks of beer.)

MULLINS:

Where do you all hail from?

DEXTRY:

Straight from the new strike. Four hundred miles in ten days over heavy trails.

CHARLEY:

What's the news? Is it a good camp?

DEXTRY:
Best camp I ever struck. You get two drinks for a dollar, an' the bartender gives you a horse blanket to throw a convulsion on.' They call it tailor made whiskey.

JONES:
Tailor made whiskey! What's that?

DEXTRY:
A fit guaranteed with every drink.
(General laughter.)

MULLINS:
Ain't there any food up there?

DEXTRY:
Lots of it. Grub can be had for the asking. But they ask so much for it that we came away. On the level, boys, I ain't had a square meal since I left here.
(Turning about.)
Lead me to a lunch counter and let my face bite it.

(Enter BRONCO KID through swing doors, R.)
Hello, Kid.

KID:
(Shaking hands.)
Glad to see you back, Dex.
(DEXTRY leaves the group and comes down R. C. with KID.)

DEXTRY:
(Seriously.)
What's new, Kid? I've been away sixty days.

KID:
Not much. McNamara still rules the Mint. And he's got the military to back him up and protect the gold.

DEXTRY:
Soldiers, eh! That looks bad. How's the boy?

KID:
Glenister? I haven't seen him for weeks. They say he's up in the hills eating his heart out.

DEXTRY:
(With fire.)
He'd be a durned sight better occupied operatin' on that human vermiform appendix McNamara. Somethin' onpleasant is goin' to happen to that feller - I can feel it just as plain.

KID:
Theminers have formed Vigilantes, I hear, and want to hang his whole outfit.

DEXTRY:
I'm with them. Bill Wheaton ain't back yet?

KID:
No. They say he's having trouble with the 'Frisco courts. He can't get in till Spring now, unless he comes overland with a dog team.

DEXTRY:
Rot this law talk! That's what sent me up to the Arctics. I couldn't stand to see these lawyers make a fool of Glenister so I tore out like I'd been shot with a bag of tacks.

TOBY:
(Calling.)
All set, Dextry.
(CROWD waits till DEXTRY joins them at the bar. He is down front.)

DEXTRY:
(Raising his glass aloft.)
Here's health to honest men -
(He stops as he sees McNAMARA and STRUVE enter door up L. in fur overcoats, etc. THEY throw open their fur coats, and seat themselves at table L. CROWD has turned with drinks in their hands, murmuring at sight of them.)
- and damnation to lawyers.
(STRUVE turns angrily toward group.)

McNAMARA:
Don't mind these fools.

DEXTRY:
(Again pointedly.)
I say - damnation to lawyers.
(ALL drink, glaring at Struve and McNamara.)

STRUVE:
(Calling.)
Waiter - Bring us a drink - whiskey.
(ALGERNON crosses to them with bottle and two glasses, while the CROWD eyes them murmuring.)
(DEXTRY strides after waiter, and snatches the bottle and throws it across the room towards the bar. McNAMARA and STRUVE rise, and the three confront and glare at each other.)

DEXTRY:
I'm buyin' what booze is be in' bought in this place, and I don't recollect askin' you to join me.

STRUVE:
This is a public place.

DEXTRY:
Well, I'm runnin' it private tonight. See? And you can't drink here till I go.

McNAMARA:
(Taking Struve's arm.)
Don't let him pick a fight. We'll go into the card room.
(To Dextry.)
Have your way, old man. I don't care to drink in your company. I'm particular myself.
(Exit McNAMARA and STRUVE door down L. DEXTRY strides after them malignantly.)

DEXTRY:
(As they go.)
I'll see him swallow that remark as a stomach pump. But never mind - our day is comin' mighty fast, McNamara.

CHARLEY:

(Who has crossed to him.)

Say - that reminds me. You're back just in time. There's a meeting of the Stranglers at midnight. Hell to pay! Are you with us?

DEXTRY:

Sure! What's up?

CHARLEY:

(Looking about cautiously; the OTHERS having turned to the bar again, drinking and talking.)

Things have got worse an' worse since you went away, and the boys are gettin' desperate. There don't seem to be no hope from Bill Wheaton and the Tribeo courts, so we're goin' to clean out this hull lawyer crowd. Glenister's to lead them. Hell to pay!

(Winks, motions as though placing a loop about his neck, jerks his head at door through which McMasters and Graves went.)

DEXTRY:

That's the best news I've heard since I came North last Spring. The camp is cuttin' its wisdom teeth at last.

(Calls.)

Slap, come here.

(SIGGS crosses to them.)

Do you believe in Lynch law?

SIGGS:

It's the king of outdoor sports.

DEXTRY:

Can you pull on a rope?

SIGGS:

Depends on who, where and what is attached thereto.

DEXTRY:

S'pose it's a lawyer.

SIMMS:
Gentlemen, we are wastin' time. Lead me to it.

CHARITY:
(Quieting him.)
Sh! Remember, mum's the word! They've got spiesout.

DEXTRY:
I am tongue tied by Nature, and as for this article on my right -
(Indicating Simms.)
he's the human hunting case watch. He never opens his face onless he is pressed. Come on.
(THEY gather up their belongings, and the THREE go out by door up L. together.)

DEXTRY:
So long, boys. See you later.
(CROWD at bar shout various adieux.)

(Exit DEXTRY, SIMMS and CHARITY.)

(While the THREE have been talking at L. C., the KID has seated himself at the fore table, shuffling cards idly, and the COUNT has entered through swing doors and joined the group at b.f. As the three exit, the MINERS begins to talk loudly to the group at bar.)

DUCHESS:
(Sneering.)
Oh, you don't think so, don't you? Miss Helen Chester indeed!
(THE KID starts, stops shuffling cards and listens.)
Well, take it from me - she ain't no better than the rest of us girls - I guess she's out for the coin, too.
(Drinks.)

COUNT:
(Protesting gallantly.)
Mees Chester is a lady, mademoiselle, and Monsieur McNamara will marry her.

DUCHESS:
Pah! I'm tired of these hussies that masquerade as ladies.

The whole town is on to her.

COUNT:

(Excitedly.)
I say no - no. Mees Malotte tell me that Meestaire McNamara will marry her -

DUCHESS:

(Laughing mockingly.)
You just watch him, Frenchy! Cherry's been stringin' you.

COUNT:

(Gesticulating wildly.)
I will not listen. Thees ees no place to discuss a lady's reputation.

MULLINS:

Aw, git out, Frenchy. I guess her repitation ain't so spotless. Didn't I come up on the Santa Maria last spring with them? Didn't I see them with my own eyes? I know. She calls herself the Judge's niece, but Roy Glenister brought her into the country. Ain't that so?

SERVERAL GIRLS:

Sure!
(To Count.)
Didn't you know that?
(KID throws cards in his hands on fore table, and rises.)

COUNT:

You insult -

KID:

(Approaching group, and cutting in roughly.)
Who's talking about Miss Chester?
(GROUP turns. MEXICO MULLINS looks at Kid sourly.)

MULLINS:

(Defiantly.)
I am - if you want to know. I say she's nothing. She lived in Glenister's stateroom all the wa to -

KID:

Stop that!

(Jerks out his gun suddenly, covering Mullins, who falls back against the bar. WOMAN shriek and ALL scatter. SOVIET flee through swing doors up R. The BARTENDER dodges down behind bar. PIANO PLAYER leaps to the back of his piano and endeavors to crawl into it head foremost. Hisses contrite, blubbering. ONE WOMAN runs down front, closes her eyes tightly, places her palms over her ears and cries:)

WOMAN:

Don't shoot! It hurts my ears.

MULLINS:

(Shrinking.)

It's true, Kid. Honest to God! I saw it.

KID:

(Fiercely.)

Shut up, lemme you! You can't talk about that girl in my place. I say she's all right. She is a lady.

DUCHESS:

What's the matter with you, Kid? She ain't no better than us - Ask Gleaster - Everybody knows the story.

KID:

It's a lie!

(To Mullins; threateningly.)

Now get out of here - quick.

MULLINS:

Oh, all right! But I know -

KID:

(Taking him by the neck.)

Get out, do you hear, quick.

(MULLINS takes steps at L. but runs to door R.)

And don't you come back, unless you want to be taken out feet first.

(Exit MULLINS door L.)

KID:

(Turning to the others.)
If anybody mentions that girl's name again, they'll settle with me.
(CROWD murmurs angrily.)
(Calling to Algernon.)
Get busy there. Call a dance. What's the matter here? You're dead both ways from the waist.
(BARTENDER'S head appears cautiously above the bar. The PIANIST crawls down, takes his seat, his cigar still in his mouth, and begins to pound out a waltz.)

ALGERNON:

(Starts up stage, calling loudly.)
Come on, boys! All out for a waltz! Grab a girl! Grab a girl! A long slow dreamy waltz. Grab a girl!
(Exits through swing doors, R., still shouting.)
(Nobody seems to care about dancing after the Kid's scene, and the stage clears gradually as the crowd on the floor and the COUPLES in the boxes come down (except the couple behind the closed curtains) and either exit though swing doors R., or through door up L. The PIANIST drops into a quiet rippling movement on the piano, so that the dialogue may be heard clearly.)
(The KID sits at faro table, moodily, resting his head on his hand.)

DUCHESS:

(To Count.)
I didn't mean any harm, Frenchy. Just to show there's no hard feelings, let's spin a few.

COUNT:

(Haughtily.)
Thank you, Mademoiselle, but I do not dance.

DUCHESS:

(Shrugging.)
Oh, well!
(SHE tosses her head and goes up to Jones at bar.)
(COUNT comes down to KID.)

KID:

(Seeing him.)
Shake, Frenchy. You may look like a cozy corner but

KID:

(Turning to the others.)

ALCESTON:

(Starts up stage, calling loudly.)

(To Count.)

no hard feelings, let's agin a few.

COUNT:

Thank you, Mademoiselle, but I do not dance.

MUGENS:

(Shrugging.)

KID:

. You may look like a cozy corner but

you know a lady when you see her. There's no limit to your credit in this shack day or night. Stick a toothpick in the push-button so it will ring all the time - it'sup to you. The house is yours.

COUNT:

(Extravagantly.)
I am honor, sir-r-r! I am delight!
(Bows gallantly, goes up and exit s through swing doors B.)

(SEVERAL MINERS at bar come down to KID at faro table and begin to play with him.)

DUCHESS:

Say, Jonesy, what are you doin' with the map of the Chicago River on your chest.
(Indicating letter Y on sweater.)

JONES:

(Innocently.)
Why, that's Y.

DUCHESS:

What's why?

JONES:

Not "why" - Y - Y stands for University, you know.

DUCHESS:

(Laughing at him, and linking her arm in his.)
I thought it meant "Yaps".
(Going up with him.)
Come on out of here. It's too noisy for me.
(He laughs with her, and they exit through swing doors, together, B.)

(As they exit, McNAMARA and STRUVE enter from door down L. STRUVE throws himself down wearily in chair at table L. and raps on the table. McNAMARA stands looking at him in disgust.)

STRUVE:

(Doggedly.)
I've got to have a drink, so you needn't preach, Mac.
(To Waiter.)
Here - give me some whiskey.

ALGERNON:

(To McNamara.)
Yours?

McNAMARA:

(Curtly.)
Nothing for me.
(ALGERNON goes to bar and comes back with whiskey.)

STRUVE:

Honest, Mac, I've got to steady my nerves a bit for this night's work.

McNAMARA:

Be careful.

(THE KID has been rubbering in McNamara's direction.)

STRUVE:

The devil is in the young fellow lately. We'll have trouble arresting him.
(Drinks.)

McNAMARA:

Don't be alarmed. The deputies will shoot if he puts up a fight.

STRUVE:

Well, they'll shoot all right. He's been a different man since the day he broke your arm.

McNAMARA:

(With one foot on chair; flashing.)
I'll have his life for that. He's been the cause of all our

trouble. He has fought us at every turn. We've got to put him away.

STRUVE:

(Leaning over table to McNamara.)

I tell you there's no jail in camp strong enough to hold him. There miners idolize him - t ey'd rise in a body - You wouldn't listen to me at first.

McNAMARA:

Bah! Let them try. I'll hold him once I get him. I've got the soldiers to fall back on now.

(Straightening.)

If only he would resist! You understand?

STRUVE:

(Nodding affirmatively.)

Your scheme's all right! Once you break those Vigilantes and collar Glenister the rest is easy. But you've get to get them first.

McNAMARA:

(Impatiently.)

Oh, we'll get them. The warrants are out, the deputies are waiting. When I say the word the net will close on them, and by daylight there won't be a Vigilante at large.

(Looks at his watch.)

Come - it's getting late.

(STRUVE rises and goes R. to swing doors, and exits first.)

The KID rises simultaneously.)

KID:

(To miners playing with him at faro table.)

This game is closed for the present.

(To McNAMARA about to follow Struve.)

Mr. McNamara.

McNAMARA:

(Turning.)

Well?

(KID and McNAMARA meet at C.)

KID:
I hear you are going to marry Miss Chester - the Judge 's niece.

McNAMARA:
(Curtly.)
Well?

KID:
Is it true? I want to know.

McNAMARA:
I don't see that it is any business of yours.

KID:
No, I don't suppose you do. But I'm going to make it my business. Look here -
(As McNAMARA shows impatience.)
I'm your friend and hers all right. I'm going to trust you with a secret, Mr. McNamara, because I know you're square with my - sister.

McNAMARA:
You? You are her brother?

KID:
Yes. I'm Drury Chester, but nobody up here knows me by that name.
(As McNAMARA looks at him, frowningly.)
Oh, you needn't look so disgusted! I know what I am, and I don't want her to know any more than you do that her brother is the Bronco Kid -- a gambler, and the owner of a gambling saloon -- that's why I know my secret's safe with you.

McNAMARA:
Well, what do you want of me?

KID:
I want you to protect her. I want her to be happy. Take her away from here. What evil chance ever brought her to this land? I won't stand to hear her talked about -- to see her name dragged in the dirt -- my little sister --

KID:

Is it true? I want to know.

McNAMARA:

Yes?

KID:

Yes. I don't believe you. But I'm going to make it my business. Back here -

(McNAMARA shows impatience.)

- I'm sure Fifteen and there all change. I'm visiting a friend with a lawyer, Mr. McNamara, Brooklyn. I think you're sorry - I later.

McNAMARA:

You? You are her brother?

KID:

Yes. I'm Sonny Chester, not nobody of more known by that name.

(As McNAMARA looks at him, Thompkins.)

Well, what do you want of me?

KID:

McNAMARA:

(More interested.)
So - you've heard the story?

KID:

What story? Do you mean - Glenister? My God! It isn't true - say it isn't true.

McNAMARA:

She is your sister, and she will be my wife. How could you believe it?

KID:

(Joyously.)
Then - it's a lie! I knew it! I knew it couldn't be true.
(Shakes McNamara's hand with fervour.)

McNAMARA:

(With cunning.)
Yes, and I'll choke the lie down that man's throat some day.

KID:

(Arrested.)
Who? What man?

McNAMARA:

(With deliberate insinuation.)
The man who has caused all this trouble with the miners, and fought me at every turn. Why? Don't you see?
(With simulated indignation and significance.)
The brute is in love with your sister and he knows I love her and will make her my wife -- he will stop at nothing to ruin me and drag me and drag her down to his level if he can. Now, do you see?

KID:

(Fiercely, under his breath, clenching his fists.)
Glenister!
(At that moment, the swing door at R. burst open recklessly, and GLENISTER enters. He is dishevelled and desperate looking. He takes a stride down L., sees McNamara and

cess. Now, do you see?

halts, glares at him vindictively. The TWO stand thus for a few seconds, and the group at bar turn and watch the tableau. Then McMAHARA turns and laughs knowingly to the Kid, and exits quickly through swing doors.)

(GLENISTER goes down to table L. and throws himself heavily into a chair.)
(The KID glares at Glenister, crosses and stands at R., of him, swaying as though drunk with rage. He slips his right hand into his coat pocket in which he has a revolver.)

KID:

(Hoarsely.)
Turn around!
(GLENISTER slowly turns and looks at him in wonder.)

GLENISTER:
What's the matter, Bronco? What do you want?

KID:
That's a hell of a question. I want you, of course, and I've got you.
(Lifts up revolver in his pocket as though about to fire. The revolver is not drawn from the pocket, and the action is slight, but plain.)

GLENISTER:
Hold up! I am unarmed. Honest! What's back of this?
(Indicates with a gesture of restraint and hand thrown toward Kid's pocket that he knows what he is about.

KID:

(Breaking in.)
Damn your talk! There's reason enough and you know it.

GLENISTER:

(Sitting still.)
You can't kill me, Bronco. I am too good a man to murder. You might shoot a crook, but you can't kill a straight man when he's unarmed. You're no assassin.

BERTRAM:
What's the matter, Bronco? What do you want?

KID:

BERTRAM:

(GLENISTER remains rigid in his chair, meeting the KID'S look unflinchingly. The KID lowers his hand a bit, still in his pocket.)

Ha! I knew it.

KID:

(removing hand from pocket.)

I can't do it. If I could, I'd have shot you before you turned. But you'll have to fight, you dog.

GLENISTER:

All right, Bronco. I don't know what this is about, but I'll fight you whenever I'm heeled right.

KID:

You black-hearted hound - I used to be a gentleman and I haven't lost it all, I guess. The next time I won't wait - I'll down you on sight, so you'd better get armed in a hurry.

(He strides up R. and flings through swing doors.)

GLENISTER:

(Pounding table with glass left there by STRUVE and calling loudly.)

Hey! Bring me whiskey -- Bring it quick and fast and often. I'm as dry as Death Valley in August. Water won't touch the spot.

MINER:

(At bar.)

Glenister's in bad when he takes to whiskey.)

(Enter through swing doors, CHERRY MALOTTE. SHE looks about quickly, anxiously, then seeing Glenister, she hurries across to him.)

CHERRY:

I've been hunting everywhere for you.

(Laying her hand on his.)

Boy, you must get out of here.

GLENISTER:

Get out? What for?

CHERRY:

There's a scheme of some kind on foot to arrest you. I overheard --

GLENISTER:

(Breaking in, calling loudly.)
Where's my drink?

ALGERNON:

(Skuting across to hi with whiskey.)
Here I come a runnin', pal.

GLENISTER:

More of McNamara's work, I'll bet. Well , let them try to take me. They'll have a job for grown men.
(Raises glass to his lips. CHERRY seizes it, and spills it on the floor. GLENISTER half rises, grasping her wrist fiercely.)
What the devil -! That's my drink.

CHERRY:

It's whiskey, boy, and you don't drink the stuff.

GLENISTER:

Of course, it's whiskey. Did you think it was Peruna?
(Calling to waiter.)
Bring me another - quick. I'm burning inside like a saw-dust pile.
(ALGERNON goes to bar for whiskey.)

CHERRY:

What ails you, Roy? You know you don't drink. That booze is only fit for fools and brawlers. Don't drink it, Roy - please.

GLENISTER:

(Stubbornly.)
I'm thirsty, and I'll have it if I want to. How do you know what it is to smoulder inside and feel your veins burn dry?

What the devil -! That's my drink.

CHERRY:
You've been thinking about that girl again.

GLENISTER:
Well- what of it?
(ALGERNON brings another drink.)
I'm thirsty -- that's all.

CHERRY:
McNamara never drank a drop in his life.

GLENISTER:
(Checking glass half way to his lips.)
Do you want me to copy from him?

CHERRY:
Not copy, but profit. If you're not strong enough to handle your own throat, you're not strong enough to beat a man who has mastered his.
(PIANIST begins to play "The Long Trail." GLENISTER puts down glass on table, but still holds on to it. Struggles with his emotions a moment, then springs to his feet, dashes glass to the floor, and shouts roughly.)

GLENISTER:
Stop that damned music. I can't go anywhere but I hear that song. It drives me mad.
(PIANIST stops, looks around, shrugs, gets up and goes over to bar.)
(GLENISTER sits down, burying his head in his hands.)

CHERRY:
Why don't you be a man and forget that woman? Can't you see she's hand and glove with the gang? Oh, she's smooth with all her innocence, but she's wrong - she's wrong.

GLENISTER:
(Waking up.)
Drop it, I tell you. And let me alone.

(Rising, with the fury of a woman scorned.)
Very well. I've needed this to show me where I stand.
(SHE goes up, and crosses Cassiar Charley who enters through swing doors, and comes down to Glenister. At swing doors she hatls and looks back a moment, then exits furiously.)

CHARLEY:

(Cautiously.)
Hell to pay!

GLENISTER:

What's up?

CHARLEY:

Just got news that McNamara is going to break the Vigilantes tonight. He's got fifty deputies, armed, and our boys are gettin' ready fight. We aim to give 'em a surprise.

GLENISTER:

(Now alert.)
How did you hear this?

CHARLEY:

A strange woman came to Dextry and warned him.

GLEN:

A woman! Who could it be?

CHARLEY:

It was dark and she wouldn't give her name. We'll meet on the sand spit in half an hour, and every man is to arm himself.

GLENISTER:

I'll be there, Charley. It's come to a fight at last. If we beat the deputies, I'll lead the Vigilantes to the Midas and take what belongs to us.
(Looks at his watch.)
Half an hour you say? I've a notion to try the cards, Charley, to pass the time.
(Rises.)

(Blake, with the fury of a woman scorned.)

and crosses Cassidar Dharris who enters

:

(

:

What's up?

:

:

:

A stranger woman came to Dexter and warned him.

:

A woman! Who could it be?

:

:

I'll be there, Charley. It's come to a fight at last. If

CHARLEY:
Don't fail us, Glenister. We're counting on you to lead us.

GLENISTER:
Never fear!
(Flexing his arms.)
If luck is with us tonight, Charley, I'll win back the Midas.
I'll be there.
(CHARLEY exits door up L.)

(As GLENISTER goes up R., enter CHERRY and the BRONCO KID through swing doors.)

(CHERRY comes down R. The KID takes lighted cigar from his lips and looks at Glenister with hatred. GLENISTER laughs at him unconcernedly.)
You'll have your chance, Bronco. Don't be uneasy.
(Laughing, he flings through swing doors.)
(The KID drops the cigar, and stamps his heel on it with rage. Comes down and sits on R. table, swinging one leg free. Takes out tobacco pouch and cigarette papers.)

KID:
I'll down him yet, the hound.

CHERRY:
Give me the "makings".

(MOLLY GROUP enters through swing doors and lines up at the bar.)

KID:
I didn't know you smoked.
(Hands her pouch and papers.)

CHERRY:
I don't, as a rule, but tonight I'm in for anything.
(Fiercely.)
I don't care . I'm a fool - a fool!
(Vindictively.)
I could kill him for what he said.)
(Lighting cigarette, after handing pouch and papers back to Kid.)

Give me the "makings".

I'll brand that chalkfaced hussy for what she is. A lady - !
(Laughs hysterically.)

KID:

She is a lady.
(As SHE laughs again.)
Stop that!
(Rising.)

CHERRY:

(Checking her laughter.)
What ails you? Are you sick?

KID:

No, I'm not sick?

CHERRY:

(Laughing harshly.)
Do you love that girl, too? So Glenister and McNamara have another rival.
(Throwing up her hands.)
The woman's a wizard!
(The KID paces up stage away from her, then turns down, agitated.)
(CHERRY crushes cigarette viciously in her hands and throws it away. She puts her arms on the faro table before her, wrings her hands as if in torture, her eyes narrowing to slits. She looks dangerous as she utters a low sound of anguish, and says:)
(Slowly, with set face through her teeth.)
I could kill him for that.
(The KID who has come down, starts at her words, and eyes her cunningly, unregarded by her.)

(PEYTON JONES bursts in through swing doors, excitedly.)

JONES:

Say, Bronco, you'd better get out front and "look out" your guns, or Roy Glenister will own your lung.

KID:

What's the matter? Is he gambling?

JONES:

I wouldn't call it that.

(Shouts from saloon at R.)

Hear them! The dealers are simply handing him their bank rolls one after the other. He broke the crap game. Then he cleaned the Tub in four bits. Now he's playing Black Jack.

(Shouts.)

Listen to that.

(CHERRY runs up R. and looks through swing door off R. The KID stands back of her looking over her shoulder. JONES behind them greatly excited.)

JONES:

There's the Black Jack gone.

(Shouts.)

VOICE:

(From saloon at R.)

All down, boys. Red or black - odd or even. The wheel pays thirty five for one. Get your money on before I spin the little ball.

CHERRY:

Four thousand dollars in four bets! Why, the crowd is going crazy!

(Shouts.)

He's won again.

(Enter the DUCHESS through swing doors, in great excitement, grabs Jones and drags him down L. C.)

DUCHESS:

Gee! It 's the greatest run I ever see. Jonesy, stake me to fifty.

JONES:

I never staked a man in my life.

DUCHESS:

Well, try a woman for luck, but for Heaven's sake, be quick. It's a crime not to bet.

JONES:

No, I don't care to back you.

DUCHESS:

(Disgusted.)
Then lend me the money. I'll pay it back.
(As HE wavers.)
Quick,man! Ah!

JONES:

Come on then.
(Handing her money.)
(BOTH exit hurriedly through swing doors.)
(Shouts.)

CHERRY:

Here come the gamblers. They've heard the news.
(Shouts:)
(CHERRY lets door swing to, and turns to Bronco.)
(Ominously.)
Kid, you'll be broke in half an hour if this luck holds out.
(Shouts.)

(DUCHESS enters followed by JONES.)

DUCHESS:

(Shaking a sheaf of bank notes in her uplifted hand at Cherry.)
I guess that wasn't so bad for three bets!
(JONES watches off through swing door. HE leans moodily against the table.)

CHERRY:

Why don't you stick?

DUCHESS:

I'm too wise. Ha! I know when to quit. He can't win steady -
(Shouts.)

JONES:

(Excitedly.)
There he goes now. He's lost.

CHECKY:

DUCHESS:

What did I tell you?
(Shouts.)

JONES:

But he's won again.

DUCHESS:

No. Did he? Lord! I quit too soon.
(Going R.)
Let me through. I've got money and I want to play it.
(JONES follows her through swing doors.)

CHERRY:

This is a big killing, isn't it?
(THE KID has his back to her and remains silent for a moment. Shouts. He turns rapidly on her, and asks.)

KID:

Did you mean what you said about - Glenister?

CHERRY:

What?

KID:

That you could - kill him?
(CHERRY flinches; KID sneers.)
Pah! I thought so. You love the man even after he's treated you like a dog.

CHERRY:

I hate him. I'd ruin him if I could.

KID:

(Rapidly.)
Then listen. We've got no time to lose. We can't leave while he's winning this way, and I'll get him into a fare game. I'll open a flyer, - See? Take the lid off -- lift the limit. Then give him "work" - - - and you must help.

CHERRY:
You mean - you'll deal crooked bank?

KID:
Yes, and you must keep cases. Do you know my signals?

CHERRY:
(Wavering; clenched fist to lips, looking up R.)
Yes - yes - but it's dangerous, Kid. I've seen him mad - he's like a maniac -

KID:
Come. Don't be a fool. He won't see anything.
(Busy at faro table, under his breath.)
But if he does, I'll drop him before he can make a cry. I'd like no better chance.
(CHERRY'S back to audience. She seems to be hesitating. KID takes revolver from gun drawer, cocks it, spins the cylinder, and placesit in the drawer of the table.)
It's more than money I'm playing for tonight. This will be a cinch.
(To Bartender, polishing glasses, etc.)
Here, Toby - give me the phony box.
(Tosses the box he holds to Bartender, who in return tosses KID another which he places on the table.)
(Going up; pats Cherry on back.)
Don't lose your nerve, girl. Give me five minutes and I'll bring him in.
(Exits through swing doors.)
(CHERRY opens swing door, looks off.)
(Shouts.)

(Door up L. opens, and HELEN enters and shuts it after her, pausing a moment just inside - She looks frightened yet determined.)
(CHERRY motions as if feeling the cold air, and turns down to see who has entered. CHERRY gazes as if she couldn't believe her eyes, then says in a strained voice.)

CHERRY:
What do you want?
(HELEN comes forward a few steps.)

HELEN:
I - I want to see Mr. Glenister. You know him.

I - I want to see Mr. Glenister. You know him.

Yes - yes - but it's dangerous,
he's like a maniac -

KID:

(Prays at Iro table, under his breath.)

It's more than money
a clinch.

I'll bring him in.

(Goes forward a few steps.)

Yes - yes - but it's dangerous,
he's like a maniac -

KID:

(Prays at Iro table, under his breath.)

It's more than money
a clinch.

I'll bring him in.

(Goes forward a few steps.)

CHERRY:

(Harshly.)
Oh, yes, I know him, and I know you, Miss Chester.

CHERRY:

Wait a moment. Mr. Glenister is in good company at present. I want to talk to you.
(HELEN turns away from her.)
(Bursting out bitterly.)
Oh, don't be afraid! I know you are committing an unpardonable sin by talking to me - But I want you to know that bad as I am, I'm better than you, for I'm loyal to those that like me, and I don't betray my friends.

HELEN:

(Coldly.)
I don't pretend to understand you.

CHERRY:

Oh, yes, you do! Don't assume such innocence - you can't play it with me.
(Goes closer to her.)
Your mask doesn't fit well. Dreadfully rude of me to tell you this, isn't it? You're in with a fine lot of crooks. I admire the way you've done your share of the dirty work, but when you assume these scandalized, super-virtuous airs it offends me.

HELEN:

Why do you talk to me like this? I haven't done anything to you.

CHERRY:

Oh, haven't you? I've done bad things, - I've been forced into them - but I never deliberately wrecked a man's life just for his money.

HELEN:

(Hotly.)
What do you mean by saying that I have betrayed my friends and wrecked anybody's life?

CHERRY:

Bah! I had you sized up at the start, but Roy couldn't see it. Then Struve told me what I hadn't guessed. A bottle of wine, a woman, and that fool will tell all he knows. It's a great game McNamara's playing, and he did well to get you in on it, for you're clever, your nerve is good, and your makeup is great for the part.

HELEN:

You're wrong. I am in no game with Mr. McNamara - I only know -

(With sudden appeal.)

Oh please - won't you tell me what you know and what you think my part has been. I've heard and seen things that make me think - Oh, they make me afraid to think - and yet, I can't find the truth. People make all sorts of charges, but do they know -- have they any proof?

CHERRY:

So you are on the hunt for information. Ever try anybody else?

HELEN:

You say Struve told you the whole scheme. I - I tried once - but -

(SHE shivers.)

CHERRY:

You didn't succeed, eh?

HELEN:

Don't ask me. I hate to think of it.

CHERRY:

(Laughing cruelly.)

So, feeling there, you think to spy on me.

HELEN:

No - no -

No - no -

CHERRY:

Well, Miss Helen Chester, I don't believe a word you've said, and I'll tell you nothing. Your gang thinks I know too much, eh? Want you to spy, do they?

HELEN:

No, no, no! Can't you see? It's not that. All I want is the truth of this thing.

CHERRY:

(Going up.)
Then go to Struve and get it. Get him to tell you -- I won't. Drive your bargain with you -- you're able. You've fooled better men -- now see what you can do with him.
(HE is up R. As SHE finishes SHE exits through swing doors.)
(HELEN stands a moment, dazed, at R. C.)
(Shouts.)

(Enter ALGERNON through swing doors. Goes briskly to bar. Catches sight of Helen. Swaggers -- smooths his hair with his hands -- sticks his thumbs in his vest armpits, and struts down to her.)

(Enter STRUVE, door up L., tipsily sits at table L.)

ALGERNON:

(Intent on Helen.)
I don't exakly recollect havin' the previous pleasure --

STRUVE:

Hey, there - whiskey, and be quick about it. I'm in a hurry.
(ALGERNON catches himself up and skates to the bar.)

ALGERNON:

It's a-comin' to you like greased lightnin', pal.
(STRUVE sees Helen, blinks and rubs his eyes -- stares at her, as SHE stares back at him like a bird charmed in a snare.)

STRUVE:

(Bending forward and peering at her, then leaning back with a complacent, sensual smile.)
Ha - ha, my pretty one! Caught, eh? The immaculate

niece of Judge Stillman in a gambling den! Oh fie!
(ALGERNON brings his drink, and goes back to the bar. STRUVE drinks his whiskey at a gulp, then says in a business-like tone.)
Come - own up. What's your game?

HELEN:

(Resolutely.)
Never mind. I want those papers.

STRUVE:

I know you do. Well?

HELEN:

I want them at once -- yes, at once.

STRUVE:

(Laughing unpleasantly.)
This is no time for that kind of talk. There's riot in the air, and I'm busy tonight. Come to my office tomorrow when it's all over.

HELEN:

Tomorrow may be too late. I want them now -- tonight.

STRUVE:

(Meditating a moment, then.)
Then tonight it shall be. I'll shirk the fight. I'm in no humor for it now that I've seen you. Let's see. You know the Sign of the Sled. It's a romantic little road house on the Snake River trail. I'll meet you there in an hour.

HELEN:

But the papers?

STRUVE:

I'll have them with me.
(Rising and going up.)

no humor for it now that I've seen you. Let's see. You know the Stag of the Glen. It's a romant to Little read house on the Snake River Trail. I'll meet you there in an hour.

HELEN:
Very well. In an hour. I won't fail you.

STRUVE:
You'd better not --
(Chuckling tipsily.)
my beauty!
(Exits door up L.)

HELEN:
Oh, he's a bad man -- but I must risk it. The blood of those men will be on me if I don't stop this tragedy. I must have the proof.
(Turning up stage.)
Where can Glenister be? I must warn him before I go.
(Turning to Algernon at bar.)
(Desperately.)
Do you know Mr. Glenister?

(A WOMAN parts curtains and looks out through curtained box in gallery.)

ALGERNON:
(Coming round.)
Do I know him? Sure, Miss. Come here.
(Goes up to swing door, opens one of them.)
Take a peep. See the gent?

(WOMAN comes down stairs with a MAN while they are looking off, and both exit, door up L.)

(As they go, HELEN turns and comes down horrified.)

HELEN:

Oh!

(Shouts rise and come nearer.)

(ALGERNON bustles down.)

ALGERNON:

Say, miss, they're comin' this way. Better clear out.

HELEN:

(Wringing her hands.)

Oh - I must warn him -

(To Algernon.)

I must see Mr. Clenister a moment.

ALGERNON:

Better come this way.

(Going L. to stairs.)

Go on - up there.

(SHE ascends.)

Take number seven - the curtains are down.

(As she disappears, he calls up to her.)

Say, pal, if he's your white haired lad, you needn't start no rough house, 'cause he don't flirt wit' these dames none whatever. Naw! Take it from me.

(Swing doors are flung open, and a crowd of MEN and YOUTHS enter noisily. Among them JONES, THE DUCHESS, THE COUNT, CISSY and the KID. CLENISTER is among the foremost, and comes down C.)

CLENISTER:

(Recklessly.)

Hurry up your outfit. I want quick action for I've got only ten minutes to play.

SEVERAL GAMBLERS:

Take off the limit, kid. That's right. All bets go.

(HELEN looks through curtains of box a moment, then draws them)

KID:

(To Bartender.)
Close the door, Toby.
(TOBY obeys. KID shuffles cards and slips them into the faro box.)

(CROWD gathers around the faro ray out. The "Look out" takes his place in the high chair near the dealer, facing L. He lights a cigar. KID takes the dealer's chair. GLENISTER seats himself at upper end of table facing audience. CHERRY seats herself in the cashkeeper's chair opposite Kid. CROWD groups itself so as to leave the table and players in full view. The "business" of the game will have to be indicated at rehearsals.)

Mr. Glenister, this game is for blood. One of us is going broke.

GLENISTER:

Go ahead! Turn the cards!
(THEY play. MEN in the crowd make bets also. CHERRY keeps cases.)
Lost again. My luck has changed. The devil's in the cards.

A GAMBLER:

Never mind! It won't last. We'll break this like we did the others. Five hundred on the high card - open.

GLENISTER:

It's hot as hell in here.
(Rises and throws off his coat.)
(The game proceeds.)
Again! I say the cards are bewitched!

A GAMBLER:

This luck can't last. Double up - it's bound to change.

GLENISTER:

It's make or break with me this time. There goes my last dollar. Ten thousand on the ace - covered.

A GAMBLER:

That's something like a wager!

(Murmurs of admiration.)

A MINER:

He'll be ruined if he loses.

CHERRY:

(Turning round from table, hand to throat as if choking.)

Ten thousand dollars on the turn of a card! We've done the trick.

KID:

Are you all set?

CROWD:

(Eager and excited.)

Turn the cards.

(A breathless moment as the KID turns the cards. There is an ominous hush.)

GLENISTER:

(Hoarsely.)

Broke.'

(ELLEN is seen peering from behind curtains of box.)

KID:

(Sneeringly.)

So you're broke, eh? There's a few men who know when to quit.

GLENISTER:

(Violently.)

Yes, and I'm not one of the few.

(He rises to C. and the CROWD waits expectantly.)

(Doggedly.-

Understand me. I don't want any man's money. I don't care for the game. I'm sick - sick - and tired of the whole show- That's why .

(Looks at his watch.)
There's just time. What is the place worth?
(Making a sweeping gesture.)

KID:
Fixtures, bank roll and all, say one hundred thousand dollars.

CLEMISTER:
(Strides to the table.)
I'll bet my half of the Midas against your whole lay out, and copper the King. Are you game?
(CROWD waits in awasement.)

JONES:
Don't do it, Clemister. Your mine is worth far more than that-
(CLEMISTER shakes him off.)
(CHERRY is leaning forward in box, listening intently.)

KID:
(Hesitates, drops his eyes to fore box, glances at Cherry.)
(She nods.)
You're on. One half of the Midas against the Northern. Are you ready?
(CHERRY leans back, grasping the table, closing her eyes as though faint. She grits her teeth, her set face turned toward audience.)

CLEMISTER:
Turn the cards.
(KID deals slowly. CROWD starts back, murmuring and looking pityingly at Clemister.)

KID:
You lose. Are you satisfied?

GLENISTER:

(Loudly.)
No, I'm not. Let me see that box.
(Leans forward suddenly and lays his hand on the faro box. KID also grasps it, half rising.)

KID:

(Fiercely.)
Let go! You've lost.

GLENISTER:

I want that box.
(Wrenches it to him, looks at it closely. CROWD falls back in alarm. CLERMT rises, holding on to back of chair. GLENISTER flips out cards in the box so that they scatter.)
I thought as much. This is a crooked box.

KID:

(Wildly.)
You lie!
(Snatches gun from drawer - CROWD scatters, crouches, keeps out of the way. KID raises gun and aims it at Glenister. [illegible] cries out.)

[illegible]:

Drury!
(The cry makes the Kid's arm jerk upward, and the shot goes wild over Glenister's head. There is a cry from [illegible] as she falls back behind the drooped curtains.)

KID:

My God! What have I done?
(He rushes to staircase.)
(FIGURES seize Glenister who struggles to get at the Kid. They force him L., to swing doors.)
(CLAUDIAH CRAIG hurries in through swing doors, to Glenister.)

CHARLEY:

(Cautiously.)

For heaven's sake, man, come away. The fight is on, and the Vigilantes are after McNamara. Hell to pay.'

(Helps to force Glenister through swing doors.)

KID:

(Halting on staircase.)

Get out everybody. Toby, clear the room - quick.

(BARTENDER and ALGERNON hustle everybody off R., through swing doors, or out by door up L. KID alone remains leaning against bar up R.)

(KID comes down stairs with his arm about Helen. She is leaning against him. He leads her to table L., where she sits.)

KID:

(Tenderly.)

Are you sure you're not hurt?

(He kneels at her feet.)

HELEN:

(Smiling and placing her hand on his head.)

No, no. It was just fright. I'm all right now. Oh, Henry, have I found you at last?

KID:

(Kissing her hands.)

My little sister.

HELEN:

How could you hide away from me so long? Oh, Henry, I've hunted everywhere -

KID:

I couldn't let you know.

(Hangs his head.)

Don't you see what I am? I'm not fit to speak to you.

I'm not fit to speak to you.

I couldn't let you know.
(Turns his head.)

turned everything to -

No. It was just thought.

I found you at last?

(The morning at her feet.)

(Turns.)

(Looks at Sylvia's face.)

(Looks at Sylvia's face.)

(Looks at Sylvia's face

HELEN:
You are my brother. That is enough.

KID:
(Rising; suddenly recollecting.)
But what brings you here to this dive - you?

HELEN:
(Rising also.)
Oh - I forgot. Where is Mr. Glenister? You tried to kill him - Drury, it was horrible.
(Shutting her eyes and covering her face, sinking into chair again.)

KID:
(Hoarsely.)
What do you want with that man?

HELEN:
(Alert again.)
I don't explain now. I must see him at once. His life is in danger. There's a terrible conspiracy here, in which I've been made to play an innocent part - but it's not too late - Drury, take me to him.

KID:
(Violently.)
I'd sooner take you to hell.
(Door up L. opens suddenly, and enter hurriedly McNAMARA and the JUDGE. McNAMARA bars the door after him.)

McNAMARA:
(Seeing Helen.)
You here?
(Then to Kid.)
Bar those doors.
(Indicating swing doors.)
The Vigilants are after us. We've been betrayed.

JUDGE:

(Sinking into chair at table L.)

Oh, my God! What will become of us? They're on our heels. They saw us come in - I know they did.

(HELEN stands by and tries to comfort him. McNAMARA paces up and down R. and glares at Helen as the KID bars swing doors. CHERRY crouches up behind the bar.)

KID:

(Standing with his back to swing doors.)

(To McNamara down R.)

What's happened?

McNAMARA:

Treachery - that's what's happened. Our plans miscarried. We raided the Vigilantes, but they were armed and waiting. They routed our men. Now they're in pursuit, and it means lynching, if we're caught.

(Stops pacing; pointedly.)

Somebody warned those men.

HELEN:

I did.

(JUDGE rises, pushes her from him. McNAMARA takes a step forward, pointing his finger at her.)

McNAMARA:

You warned them.

(The JUDGE is speechless and helpless, falls into chair a huddled mass.)

HELEN:

(Holding her head up proudly.)

Yes - I warned them.)

McNAMARA:

You did this for the man who has robbed you of your good name. You love him!

HELEN:

No - I love no man. He trusted me and would have been my friend but for you and your treachery. God only knows what terrible wrong you have done him and his people. I don't. I only know that I have been a blind and trusting woman who believed your lies - yes, your lies - because I - I couldn't think that my own kin would deceive me and use me to spoil and ruin honest men. Oh, I did your dastardly work well - you

(To Judge.)

who were as a father to me - you

(To McNamara.)

who would have made me your wife. But I begin to see the truth at last, and I shall have the proof before long. I will have it

(A sob catches her throat.)

Wait. Don't stop me now. You wonder how I know all this. I refused to believe what people said. I shut my eyes - I suffered untold misery - suffered because I thought you were misunderstood, misjudged, wronged by these rough men of the North. But I overheard your intrigues tonight when you and Struve were at the house - you didn't know I was listening. I had to know. It was torture, but it made a woman of me. God help any girl who has to make the fight I made this night.

(She covers her face with her hands. There is a pause, while the KID comes down, and stands beside her protectingly, dumbly.)

(There is a loud knock on door M. L.)

McNAMARA:

There they are! You have won. There's no escape.

JUDGE:

(In terror.)

They will kill us. Oh, why did I come to this land?

HELEN:

(Moved by her uncle's plight.)

Oh, Henry, can't you save them - hide them somewhere -

(Another double "K-K-K"; some one tries swing doors and shakes them.)

Do something. I never thought this would happen.

KID:

There's one chance. They must not find you or Helen here - they'd snatch you like wolves.

(Going to door down L.)

Get in here - quick.

(ANOTHER KNOCK up L. and a voice from the saloon B.)

VOICE:

Open up, or we'll break in.

KID:

Who's there?

(To Helen and the others.)

Quick - quick!

(HELEN and McNAMARA help the JUDGE into room, and close the door.)

(KID unbars door up L. It is flung open, and a group of masked men pour in. They wear various kinds of masks, white cotton, bandanna handkerchiefs, as though hastily made. One of them goes to swing doors, unbars them to let in more VIGILANTES. ALL are armed with rifles, except GLENISTER who carries a large colts revolver. KID falls back before them down L.)

KID:

What do you want?

GLENISTER:

Search that gallery.

(TWO MEN run up the stairs and go through the boxes. OTHERS search behind the bar.)

CHARLEY:

(From gallery & box.)

Nobody up here.

GLENISTER:

(Turning to Kid.)
We want McNamara and the Judge. Where are they?

KID:

(Carelessly.)
I don't know. I haven't seen them.

GLENISTER:

Don't lie. We know they are here.
(Points to door down L.)
Where does that door lead?

KID:

It's a card room. There's nobody there.

GLENISTER:

I'll see for myself.
(KID stands before him as he makes for the door.)
Out of my way.

KID:

(Suddenly tearing off Glenister's mask.)
Ah, I thought so.

GLENISTER:

I make no secret of it. Let me pass.

KID:

You can't go in there.

GLENISTER:

And why not?

KID:

Because - oh, it's only a woman - she's hiding in there.

GLENISTER:

We'll see about that.

KID:

(Planting himself against the door.)

Stand back, I say. You're a hell of an outfit, to make war on women. I tell you, you can't see her - she's a decent girl.

GLENISTER:

A decent girl in this dive - Bah! That won't go! She's none too good to face us. Tell her to come out.

(KID makes a grab at his gun. GLENISTER raises his revolver and covers him. VIGILANTES lined at R. throw their rifles to shoulder altogether, aiming at the Kid.)

None of that We'll blow you to pieces. Hands up.'

KID:

(Holding up his hands.)

It's no use. You're too many for me. But listen, boys - the girl is my sister - She came here to see me tonight. Think what it means. You'll ruin her.

DEXTRY:

(At L.C., tearing off his mask, and spitting.)

That damned thing gets in my mouth, and I can see good, neither.

(To Kid.)

Say, Kid, she may be your sister, but I'll bet she ain't workin' at it.

GLENISTER:

Seize him boys. He's lying. We've run them down.

(TWO VIGILANTES step forward and seize Kid. They take him over R.)

Because - oh, it's only a mouse - she's hiding in there.

We'll see about that.

woman. I tell you, you can't see her - she's a decent

A decent girl in Malta dive - Man! That won't do! She's none too good to know us. Tell her to come out.

(Calling up his ladder.)

It's no use. You're too rough for me. This letter, Roy - this girl is my mistress - She came here to see me tonight. I think what

(To Kit.)

me I.

All ready!

(VIGILANTES cover door down L. GLENISTER steps forward, raps on door with his six-shooter, steps back up stage, facing audience, cocks his revolver, and covers the door.)

Come out with your hands up, McNamara.

(A pause.)

Come out - quick.

(Door opens slowly and HELEN enters. Closes the door behind her. GLENISTER lowers his gun, dumbfounded. VIGILANTES gasp and murmur.)

GLENISTER:

You!

HELEN:

I heard all you said. You asked to see me. Well - I am here.

GLENISTER:

Tell me what this means. He called you his sister - this gambler. Is this a trick?

HELEN:

No. It is the truth. That man is my brother - the brother I told you I was searching for.

GLENISTER:

(Looking from Helen to Ted, then.)

Forgive me. I didn't know. I thought he lied or this would not have happened.

TED:

I only met him here tonight by accident. I came here for another purpose, and, now that you have found me in this place, you must know why I came. Tonight I overheard a plot to arrest you all - I wanted to warn you, I searched everywhere to find Mr. Glenisterbefore I went to you men -

DEXTRY:
I might have known. It was you that came to me in the dark?

RUBY:
Yes, and then I learned that Mr. Glenister was here, and - that's how I found the brother I haven't seen since I was a little girl. There's nothing more to say.

GLENISTER:
Yes, there is something more. Boys, you have heard what Miss Chester has said. Is there one of you doubts her?

VIGILANTES:
No - no - no.

GLENISTER:
One word then, before we go. We are rough men, but we are honest and we know the price of a good woman's name. Will you swear to be silent regarding Miss Chester's presence here? Remember your own women folks and forget that we found her in that cardroom.

VIGILANTES:
We swear it.

CHARLEY:
(Stepping out.)
I'll swear nothin' till she tells where the Judge and McNamara are hiding.

PEYTON JONES:
That's right. We saw them come into this building. Where are they now?

DEXTRY:
(Turning savagely on the crowd.)
What talk is that? We ain't here to make a gal betray her own blood. If we can't find our enemies in man's style, we won't be beholden to a woman. What's more - I've got a notion

that we'll find McNamara at the Midas with the soldiers.
(GLEN stands at L. with hands tightly clenched.)

GLENISTER:

Dexter's right, boys. Come on, we're wasting time. Let's go to the Midas.
(Goes up L. VIGILANTES move towards doors, when CHERRY MALOTTE, unseen behind her coign of vantage at the bar, steps out.)

CHERRY:

Oh, you fools - you blind fools!
(VIGILANTES halt and listen.)
You saw your men come in with your own eyes, and yet you let a smooth word from a pretty innocent face turn you back. You've got them safely bagged in yonder
(Points to card room.)
The hussy lies to save her lover.

KID:

(Whispers hoarsely.)
That ends it.
(CROWD turns agrily, waiting on GLENISTER who shows his dismay.)

(GLEN staggers back against the wall near door down L.)

CHERRY:

Don't stand there like cigar store Indians. Go in and drag them out.

VIGILANTES:

Do you hear that, Glenister? We've been fooled.

CHARLY:

(Flinging the coil of rope with hangman's noose from his shoulder, down C., so that it uncoils.)
Here's their medicine. Let's bring 'em to it.

GLENISTER:

(To Helen.)
Is this true? Are they in there? My God! Have you lied to me again?

HELEN:

(Staring at the rugs in horror.)
No! They are not - there.

CHARLEY:

Come on! Let's have them out.
(VIGILANTES grab their rifles, and press down L.)

GLENISTER:

(Turning on them.)
Stand back, boys! I'm leader here.
(They fall back. GLENISTER comes down L., determinedly. HELEN looks at him blankly, beseechingly - throws out her arms blindly, sways towards Glenister, who catches and supports her. His back is to the Vigilantes. She raises him by coat lapels, her head lowered.)

HELEN:

(In a hoarse whisper.)
Yes - yes, they're in there. I lied - I had to. But you mustn't - no, no, if you love me.

GLENISTER:

(His face shows his agony, gazing front.)
Fooled! Fooled again!
(HELEN half straightens up, and he instantly releases her, and braces for action. She leans back against table, facing front. Her face is full of terror, and her lips make signs of muttering - "No - no - no".)
(This scene takes but a moment while GLENISTER is presumably, supporting HELEN until she recovers herself, and does not arouse any suspicion in the VIGILANTES.)

GLENISTER:

I'm this man's enemy. I'll bring him out.

(He pauses an instant with his hand on the door knob, and looks at Helen. He squares his shoulders, opens door firmly, steps within the threshold. The VILLAINS half raise their rifles.)

(GLENISTER reappears, steps out, slams the door carelessly after him, gives Helen one swift look that tells what he knows. He raises his arm and points at Cherry.)

GLENISTER:

Boys, I believe that woman is in the game. She's playing for time to let those men escape. The room is empty.

(They murmur at Cherry.)

Go - and be glad you are a woman, for if you were a man you would answer to me for that lie.

(KID is crushed with amazement, and chagrin, goes up and exits through swing doors.)

(KID is released.)

(KID crosses to him at R.)

KID:

Hell! We're wastin' time. They'll get away from us yet. Pick up your death rattle, Charley, and come on. I'm bound for the Midas.

(CHARLEY takes up his rope.)

(The VILLAINS exit through swing doors, and door up L.)

CHARLEY:

(Calling to three or four VILLAINS up R.)

There's something here I don't like. It looks damned queer.

GLENISTER:

If you doubt me, stand out like a man and I'll make you eat your words.

JONES:

It smells like treachery to me, Glenister, but we'll know in an hour. If it is - well there's no room for traitors in this land.

CHARLEY:

(Rolls.)
Hell to pay!
(All exit, leaving HELEN, KID and GLENISTER.)

HELEN:
I - I don't know what to say - I can never make amends for all you have done for us.

GLENISTER:
(In fierce humor.)
For us! Do you think I sacrificed my honor, betrayed my friends killed my last hope in the Northland - for us?
(Flinging door down L. wide open.)
Come out - don't be afraid - your enemies have gone.

(McNAMARA comes out holding up the tottering KING:)

(To Helen, roughly.)
No! McNamara and his friends are no friends of mine, and I am no friend of theirs. You are not of my people, and you don't understand. You called me a savage, and you were right, but I would not change places with that man,
(Pointing to McNamara.)
for all the wealth of the Midas. You've taken my gold, you've robbed me of the love and respect of my comrades, you've cheated me out of all that makes life sweet, but there's one thing you gave me and you can't take away. Oh, I've learned my lesson well. I've come to my estate. I've found myself at last. I am no longer an Eskimo I am a man!
(He goes up R. and flings out through swing doors.)

(HELEN at R. stretches her arms out after him, then sinks crushed, burying her head in her arms at Faro table, heartbroken.)

C U R T A I N

I am no longer an Eskimo I am a man!

Nash TYPEWRITING
1370 BROADWAY,
Cor. 37th Street,
NEW YORK.

-:- THE SPOILERS -:-

ACT IV.

Beach R. Wagner

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A C T IV.

The Promise of Dreams.

SCENE: The Midas. Christmas Morning, at daybreak.

The scene occupies full stage. The Midas lies in a gulch, with the mountains rising high on each side and rolling away in back distance. In the middle there is rising ground across stage and back of that, still higher ground. It is lower in the centre to indicate the gap between the fountains. On back drop are seen snowy mountains, those in extreme distance very high, sharp and ragged in outline; those nearer, more rolling in contour. Against the nearer mountains are low cabins and again more hills painted in distant perspective on back drop. These show lighted windows as curtain rises and stage is dark. At L. 1. is a mining shaft, with windlass upon the drum of which is a rope. An ore bucket lies close by. The windlass is on the top of a low pay-lump of gravel or dirt. Against back drop, in middle distance is another windlass, and pay-lump, apparently some distance up the gulch. At L. 3. is the end of a cabin, low roofed, overhanging eaves, piled high with snow. At R. 3. is a blacksmith's forge and anvil with picks and shovels lying near. The trees with boughs snow laden and heavy are on both sides, scattered sparsely through the back ground. A pair of snow shoes are hanging beside the cabin door at R. 1.

When the curtain rises the stage is in darkness except for the red glow of a camp fire in foreground by which Scrip is resting. Twinkle twinkle from the distant cabin windows.

The curtain rises to the orchestra playing "The Long Trail". Dawn begins to break and the sun rises, gradually flooding the scene with daylight, and making the landscape a flittering, sparkling white picture relieved and broken by the log cabins, the fir trees, and pay dump. Music ceases after the curtain is up and DEXTRY is heard singing or whistling a snatch of the song. While he is doing so, enter CHERRY L. F., pacing and agitated.)

DEXTRY:

(Stopping suddenly, rising and pointing gun at Cherry.) Hold on there!

CHERRY

Is that you, Dex? It's Cherry.

DEX:

Well of all the --! What are you doin' 'way up here at this time of the mornin'?

CHERRY:

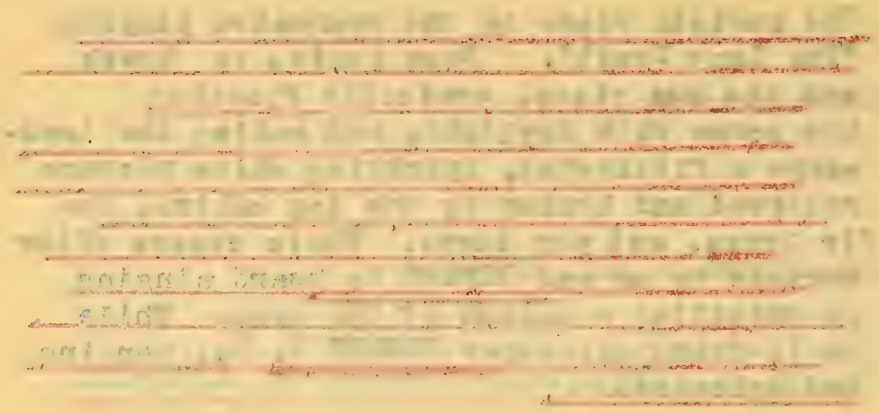
Oh, it's been such a terrible night I haven't been in bed. I'm going mad. McNamara's men came down from the mine last night and the whole town is awake over the riot. They say you killed ten people in the fight. Is it true?

DEX:

I don't know how many they lost, but for my it was a little bit of a fight. Why, we ain't got so much as a cold score amongst us!

CHERRY:

Didn't they make any resistance?



DEX:

Naw! We didn't give 'em time. Clanister slipped through their guards in the darkness and laid a few sticks of dynamite under the mine buildings. See!

(He points off L. BOTH look.)

When the shots went off the Vigilantes rushed on them in a body, before they could recover. Oh, it worked as slick as a new faro-box! Say, have ye seen McNamara?

CHERRY

Yes. We's in town. We has called for troops and you'll all be shot.

DEX:

Won't that be handy! Geo! That's what I was afraid of, but it's some comfort to know if we're goin' to be downed we'll die fightin' for the old mine 'stead of freezin' out in cold storage like we've been doin'. We've got the Rides under our feet once more, anyhow, an' possession is ten points of the law in this country.

CHERRY:

But Roy - has he come back? Where is he?

DEX:

Somebody called him on the telephone about midnight and he lit out of a sudden like his clothes was afire. Said he was goin' to the Sign of the Red Road-house, - didn't wait to explain - said something horrible was doin'. Some of the boys thought he'd got cold feet but he cried out there was a woman in danger - she'd courted ruin to save us fellers - risked her honor and all that - Anyhow I know Roy ain't got the chill-blains, and we aim to hold the fort till he gets back.

CHERRY:

Oh, Dex, it was I who called to him last night.

DEX:

(Turning suddenly.)

Eh? How's that?

CHERRY:

Helen Chester -

DEX:

Ah! I thought that was it -

CHERRY:

(With great anxiety.)

Listen, Dex. She came to me last night after you left the Northern, and told me she was going to meet Struve at the Sign of the Sled - She begged me to help her.

DEX:

(seizing her by the shoulder, much disturbed.)

The Sign of the Sled! Why, it belongs to Struve, and the fellow who runs it is a rogue. Surely she hasn't - -

CHERRY:

Yes. She went to save Roy and the rest of you. To get some papers from him that incriminate the whole gang.

DEX:

Struve! Alone with Struve - out there!

CHERRY:

Dex, I am to blame for letting her go. Why did I do it? I'm afraid - afraid.

DEX:

But I don't understand - she ain't a - bad girl.

CHERRY:

No, no, that's it. She doesn't know the part she is playing with Struve. He is a traitor. I lied and planned and intrigued against her but that's over now. It's all of deceit - I'm sick of it all - I want to do what's right.

(Smiles piteously.)

I guess there is a little streak of good in me somewhere, after all.

DEX:

(Wearily.)
It's more than a streak, Cherry. You're my kind of people.

CHERRY:

I don't want to be - that. I want to be her kind - his kind.

DEX:

So you told the boy, and he rode off to find her?

CHERRY:

Yes, and I told the Broncho Kid, too -

DEX:

The Kid! Glenister will kill him if they meet.

CHERRY:

The Kid is Helen's brother, - really and truly.

DEX:

Well, well! So he wasn't dwelling last night, and he's the long lost son of a gun she's been looking for, after all.

CHERRY:

Oh! I'm half distracted. When I think of those two men meeting - Roy and the Kid - I wish they'd come back - I want to feel I knew she was safe - and Glenister.

DEX:

(Suddenly pauses, listening.)
Sh! Somebody comin' up the gulch. Get out of sight. Quick!
(CHERRY disappears to L. over bluff.)

(Enter GLENISTER slowly L., pauses, listens and stands out.)

GLEN:

(Wearily.)
That you, Dex?

DEX:

Yes, boy!

GLEN:

What news?
(Seats himself dejectedly on the anvil.)

DEX:

The town is turning handsprings over the rumpus last night - and McNamara's called out the soldiers.
(GLEN. starts, shakes his head soberly.)
Ain't that hell?

GLEN:

Dex, this is no victory. We're worse off now than we were before, and our biggest fight is to come. I must put it to the boys.

DEX:

We've made a good fight, anyhow, whether we win or lose this night's work.

GLEN:

(Moodily.)
My fight is made and won.

DEX:

Speak out, little one. What do you mean?

GLEN:

My hardest battle has nothing to do with the Vikes or the rings of Anvil. I fought and conquered myself.

DEX:

Awful cold mornin' for philosophy. It's apt to take on you like ailin in a thunderstorm! Pass you pal overalls an' your boots an' some of them Boston ideas an' I'll set where I can look 'em over an' see what they're up to.

GLEN:

(Earnestly. He rises, comes up and lays two hands on Dexter's shoulders.)

I mean that I was a savage, just like you, till I met Helen Chester, and she made a man of me. It took time but I think she did a good job.

(Drops arms; crosses Dex.)

I love the wild things just as much as ever, but I've learned that there are duties a fellow owes to himself and to other people, if he'll only stop to think them out.

DEX:

Just like me, eh! Why, I ain't no savage. I'm gentle and forgivin', as a sheep. I wouldn't hurt a hair in the head of my bitterest enemy. I might hurt his head a little, if I got close enough, but -

GLEN:

(Continuing in same vein, unheeding Dex.)

I've learned that the right thing is usually the hardest to do. Oh! I've improved a lot.

DEX:

Gee! but you're popular with yourself. It don't help your looks none - you're as homely as ever - an' what good does it do you, after all? She'll marry that Big Moose, McNamara.

GLEN:

I know! That's what rankles, for he's no more worthy of her than I am. But she'll do the right thing, depend on that. Why, do you know what she did this very night, Dex?

DEX:

Gimme three guesses?

GLEN:

Well, I've found that she is good and brave and honest. The part she played against us was played innocently. I'm sure of this, in spite of the fact that she will marry McNamara. That

night, after she had ruined her reputation to warn the Vigilantes, she went with that villain, Struve, to the Sign of the Kid, to get proof from him that would save the day for us. I heard of it - that's why I left here so suddenly - and got there in time to find Struve sneaking off to the town and whimpering that the Kid had shot him and carried off Helen. Thank God, she's safe. The Kid is her brother, you know, after all.

DEX:

Um! I know.

GLEN:

What?

DEX:

Cherry's been here and told me the whole story. She's all cut up.

GLEN:

Poor Cherry!

DEX:

Aye - poor Cherry! See here, Ley, there's one woman for every man in this world, and the crop has never run short. You'd ought to get married - you're the kind that needs it. Why don't you have -

(Pauses, looks searchingly at Glen. It is evident he is thinking for Cherry.)

-- some good girl happy?

GLEN:

(Smiling, shrugging his shoulders.)

That's what I'm trying to do - by staying single.

(Reverting to his previous theme.)

Oh, I'm glad - I'm glad the Kid got Helen in time. Perhaps she'll change before the day she did on. They don't worked a miracle in me - in my attitude towards life - my manner -

DEX:

(Impatiently.)
Oh, your manners is good enough as they lay. You never did eat with your knife. When we was at them swell 'Frisco hotels you was wise to all the pickle forks and finger bowls equal to a head waiter. No, when it comes to manners with decorum you savvy plenty.

GLEN:

(Slapping Dex. on the back.)
That wasn't exactly what I meant, but it goes.

DEX:

I wish Bill Wheaton was back, but there's no hope of him till spring, now that navigation has closed.

GLEN:

He swore when he left that he would return with the backing of the Federal Courts, if he had to crawl here on his hands and knees.

DEX:

He may come in over the ice with a dog team. It's a 2,000 mile "mush", but he's game.

GLEN:

I've little hope of that, even though the San Francisco courts should support us. Yes, and I'm afraid to fight the soldiers, too. They're in the line of Uncle Sam - I have to do it. Call the boys. We must give them fair warning.

(DEX. blows a whistle and a dozen DEX appear, including Slim and CAPTAIN MARVEY - a few face the cabin at L. 1. the rest from L.U.E. 1. They come down and group themselves near Dex. and Glen.)

Men, we're in a dangerous hole! Reinforcements are coming for soldiers and they will probably attack us sometime today. It's a hard game to back the Government. So I thought I'd tell you fellows a chance to get away before we're encompassed. If we're even here at sun-up we'll have to fight - or surrender.

(CROWD cries out at this.)
If we hold out and the struggle is fierce enough, news may reach to Washington and cause an investigation. This will be a different kind of fighting now, though, and some of us will go down. What do you want to do?

MINERS:

(In unison.)
Let's stick it out.

CASSIAR CHARLEY:

We're in too deep to quit. The government has gone back on us and there don't seem to be no law for miners. We can't get no help till spring anyhow, so let's make the best fight we kin.

DEX:

That's the talk! I've waited a turrible time for this day. I've suffered the plagues of prospectin' from the Mexicoes to the Circle, like you've all done, and if you'll stick with us and the Midas, we'll stick to you - What's that? Look out!

(SOLDIERS suddenly appear on the bluff at B., level their rifles at Miners who turn with startled exclamations and make as though to run for the cabin D. I. Enter D. I., beside cabin, an OFFICER with drawn revolver. HE leads in front of cabin door, ahead of miners, while other SOLDIERS follow him and still more enter B. R. and D. R.)

OFFICER:

(Loudly.)
Halt! Don't make a move! Hands up, all of you.
(A rifle is leaning against cabin wall D. I. GLEN. leaps for it. Two SOLDIERS seize him, they wrestle. OTHERS level their guns at him. Enter D. R. McNAMARA and JUDGE WILLIAMS.)

JUDGE:

(Pointing to Glen.)
Arrest that man, quick! Don't let him go. Keep back these others.
(DEX. seizes a pick from the BLACKSMITH FORGE near which he is standing; brandishes it.)

What do you want to do?

MINNIE:

(In unison.)
Let's stick it out.

and there don't seem to be no law for nothing. We can't get no
will starting anyhow, so let's make the best right we kin.

DAN:

that's the talk! I've waited a terrible time for this day.
and the Miles, we'll stick to you - What's that? Look out!

OWLDAN:

Hands up, all of you.

DEX:

Come on, boys!

OFFICER:

(Levelling his revolver at him.)

Drop that!

(DEX. pauses, lowers pick.)

DEX:

It's no use. They've got us.

McNAMARA:

(Laughing disagreeably.)

Yes, we've got you, and you'll pay the price.

(A voice is heard off stage at R. I., urging a dog team. A whip cracks. It grows louder.)

WHEATON:

(From wings R. I.)

Gid ap! Gid ap! Tch! Tch!

(Whip cracks.)

(From R. I., on the bluff, enters team of dogs in harness, drawing a sled upon which is a light load lashed up in a tarpaulin. A rifle and pair of snow shoes are tied on the outside of the load. A man is running ahead of the dogs. He comes through the soldiers on the bluff who have separated R. and L. and runs down onto the stage, followed by the dog team. BILL WHEATON is guiding the sled. THEY halt R. R., just below the bluff. This entrance should be made rapidly as though they had been running. STRUNK enters with WHEATON.)

WHEATON:

(Leaving sled and coming down stage, looking about curiously.)

Hello, boys! What's all this?

GLEN:

Wheaton! Bill Wheaton!

(Recommences his struggle with his two captors. MINERS murmur greetings.)

DEX:
You've come too late, Bill. We've all been pinched.

WHEATON:
Hold up a minute - It's all right.

GLEN:
(Enraged, but ceasing his struggles.)
Ay, Bill - it's all right. We did our best, but we were done by a damned blackguard. He's got me and - he'll send me up. I'm the one he's after.
(Glares at McNamara.)
But I don't care. I knew he'd do it in the end. But I broke him - I broke him with my naked hands. Didn't I, McNamara? And the girl you're going to marry knows it too - she saw me do it and she knows you're a crook. Doesn't she, McNamara?

McNAMARA:
(In a frenzy of rage.)
Take that man away. Quick, I tell you, - before I injure him. Take him to jail. He killed ten of our men last night. The Law's in our hands and I'll make him answer.

WHEATON:
No, sir! The law is not in your hands. It's in mine.
(Slaps his left hand with papers in right. MINERS start forward eagerly. JUDGE and McNAMARA show surprise.)
When I left last fall I swore I'd come back if I crawled on my hands and knees, and I've come. Three thousand miles with a dog team - and I got here just in time. This will be a day of defeats and disappointments to you, my friends. That boy won't go to jail, because you'll wear the shackles yourselves. Oh, you played a shrewd game, you too, with your senators, your politics, and your pulls. But it's our turn now, and we'll make you dance for the mines you pilfered and the robberies you've done. Thank Heaven, there's one honest court, and I found it.
(Turns to Struve.)
Serve those warrants.
(STRUVE crosses to Officer and hands him some papers.)

It's not too late, Bill. We've all been pinched.

Hold up a minute - It's all right.

(Becomes very excited.)

Why one he's after.

(Turns to McNamara.)

(From a frenzy of rage.)

In our hands and I'll make him answer.

Three thousand miles with a
and I go there just in time. This will be a day of

STRUVE:

Captain, here are the instructions from the Circuit Court of Appeals - They give back the mines to these men. You will see by reading them that this case has been taken from Judge Stillman's jurisdiction - your services are not needed.

(OFFICER looks at papers, nods - Signals to his men to drop their guns.)

(During Struve's speech McNAMARA and JUDGE show their chagrin and dismay. McNAMARA and STRUVE glaring at each other. The JUDGE at finish staggers across and sinks to a seat. McNAMARA stands upright and defiant. A shout goes up from the MINERS. A DEPUTY leads McNamara up R., followed by the JUDGE, broken and hurt.)

McNAMARA:

(Halting and turning at top of bluff to glare down on the crowd which has turned to watch.)

You think I'll go to prison, do you? Well, I won't. I've done nothing to answer for, and there's no jail strong enough to hold me. Nothing short of a gatling gun will make me give up. I'm here to stay!

(Exits unbeaten and defiant. The MINERS crowd around WHEATON, grasp his hand, slap him on the back, as the SOLDIERS go off R. quietly.)

WHEATON:

(Shaking hands with Glen.)

We have whipped them, boy. We have whipped them at their own game. Arrested at the apex of their crime - cited for contempt of court - that's what they are! They discovered the other writs and so I got them.

GLEN:

It was a close shave, old man. They had us over the ropes.

DEX:

(Boisterously.)

Bill, you are certainly the real Peruvian doughnut. Shake!

(Turns to GLEN who is standing near, grinning.)

Here's one boy sharp that's on the level, an' you can let a nosebag full of million dollar bills on that.

SIMMS:

An' that's no sick man's dream.

WHEATON:

I couldn't prove conspiracy, but they'll go to jail for a little while, just the same. Well, boys, I've got to go back to town and see this through. See you later. So long.

(While he is talking A MINER takes dogs off R. 2., some of the MEN exit over bluffs, R., vociferously, with WHEATON. Rest Exit D. R.)

(GLEN. and DEX. are left alone down stage. CHERRY has been a silent and unobserved spectator back on the bluff. GLEN sits and leans his head on his hands, seems disconsolate.)

DEX:

Cheer up, boy. Why, you act like a loser. Don't you realize that we've won? Don't you understand we've got the old mine back and the whole world with it? Buck up, pal, spring has come.

GLEN:

Won? What do you know about it, Dex? The Midas - the world - what good are they? You're wrong! I've lost - yes - I've lost everything - with her. Now go away, old man, I want to be alone a bit.

(DEX. realizes that GLEN. is not to be argued with in his present mood and with a shake of his head and a look of great pity he mounts bluff to R. and disappears.)

(CHERRY comes down from bluff at L. and stands before him.)

CHERRY:

(Gently.)

Well, boy, so it's over at last.

GLEN:

(Looking up, wearily.)

Yes, it's all over, little girl.

CHERRY.

You don't need my congratulations, you know me too well for that -- and you know all - I'd - I'd like to say.
(Recovers herself a bit.)
How does it feel to be a winner?

GLEN:

(Drearily.)
I don't know. I've lost.

CHERRY:

Lost what?

GLEN:

Everything - except the gold mine.

CHERRY:

Everything except - I see. You mean that Helen - that you have - asked her and she won't - I'm sorry.
(Struggling hard to keep her voice steady, and looking away.)
If only it had been you instead of the Kid to save her from that brute Struve.
(GLEN, looks up quickly.)
I heard you tell Dex all about it - I tried to get word to you in time last night.
(He grasps her left hand with his right, in speechless gratitude, without looking at her.)
I've suffered for the part I played - for my deceit. It came to me all at once - what I was - and - I tried to make reparation. Oh, boy! I want to be good - good all through. You believe me, don't you? You're not like other men.

GLEN:

Yes, yes! Of course I do.

CHERRY:

I wish I had the power to make her - love you - I'd give my life for your happiness.

for your participation.

GLEN:

She is not for me, little girl, although I shall always love her. I'm sorry I can't forget easily, as some do, but I've lived in the hills too long for that. I've got my wish at last, however. I know what love is - now that it's too late.

CHERRY:

(With a half sob.)

Boy - don't.

GLEN:

(Rising and throwing off his mood.)

Oh, but I am selfish! What about you? Where will you go?

CHERRY:

I don't know. It doesn't really matter now -

(A pause.)

The world is a large, large place -

(Shudders.)

and very cold, for women. What a pity that we can't all change off the slate and begin afresh - and - forget.

GLEN:

It is part of the game. I'll see you sometimes, won't I?

CHERRY:

(Very gently.)

No, boy - I think not.

GLENISTER:

I understand. Perhaps it is better so.

(HE takes her two hands in his and kisses them.)

God bless you, and keep you safe, dear, brave little Cherry.

CHERRY:

Good-bye, my boy.

(She crosses to R., pauses at exit and turns for a last look at him.)

My boy!

(Exits. GLEN stands at C. ~~straight and still watching her go.~~)

(Enter C. L. HELEN and the KID, as they approach C. GLENISTER whirls sharply as if on the defensive.)

KID:

(Throwing up his hands in gesture of restraint.)
Wait, wait, old man. I'm here as a friend.

GLEN:

(Coldly, drawing back.)
I know - you're her brother. I didn't believe it last night at the Northern. But Cherry has told me that it's true. We have no further quarrel.

KID:

(Half ashamed.)
Yes, I'm her brother. I've known it for a long time, but I - I - well, you understand I couldn't let her know. All I can say is, I've gambled square till I played you and I was mad as a dervish then, blaming you for the stories I'd heard about Helen. Last night I learned she had gone to the road-house with Struve, but I got there in time to save her. I'm sorry I didn't kill him.
(He speaks savagely.)

GLEN:

He deserved it.

KID:

Sure! He's like half the men in Alaska - here because the sheriffs back home couldn't shoot straight.

GLEN:

But why have you come off up here - now?

HELEN:

He wouldn't let me come alone and I could not wait. I had to see you at once.

GLEN:

(Amazed.)
Had to see me -

KID:

I tried to keep her from coming on this errand, but she said it was the square thing to do and - that's all. It's about those papers she brought in last spring. She feared you might think she was a party to the deal,
(Belligerently.)
but you don't, do you?

GLEN:

Certainly not. Go on.

KID:

Well, she learned that those documents told the whole story and contained enough proof to break up the conspiracy and convict the Judge, McNamara and all the rest. But Struve kept the bundle in his safe and wouldn't give it up without a price. That's why she went away with him.

GLEN:

Oh! It wasn't worth <u>that</u>. How <u>could</u> you?

KID:

It seems Wheaton has done the work in another way, however, and now I'm coming to the point. The Judge and McNamara have been arrested for contempt of court and they're as good as convicted. You have recovered the Miles and they are disgraced. They will go to jail -

GLEN:

(Bitterly.)
Yes, for six months, perhaps, but what does that amount to? There never was a bolder crime consummated nor one more cruelly unjust. They robbed a realm and pillaged its people. They defiled a court and made justice a wanton. They killed good men and sent others to ruin. And for this they are to suffer - what? How?

(Pauses, to laugh bitterly.)
I guess it's true that there isn't any law of God or Man worth of 5$; but if there is justice south of that mark those men will answer for conspiracy, and go to the penitentiary.

KID:

(Turning to Helen.)
I said it was no use - that he wouldn't understand.
(To Glen.)
Helen looked at it this way. You've had your victory, you've got back your mine - and - they are disgraced. But the Judge is of our own blood. He took Helen when she was a little baby and he's been a father to her in his selfish way - I was not there to protect her - and she loves him.

GLEN:

(Still doggedly.)
No, I don't understand. What is it you want?

HELEN:

(Taking packet of papers from her bosom.)
This will tell the whole wretched story,
(Hands him packet.)
and show the plot in all its vileness. I find it hard to betray my uncle, but this proof is yours by right, to use as you see fit, and I can not keep it.

GLEN:

(Seizing packet eagerly, and looking at it triumphantly.)
Do you mean that? Do you mean the proof is here to convict them?
(GLEN nods silently. GLEN pauses.)
And you are giving it to me because you think it is - your duty?

HELEN:

It belongs to you. I have no choice. But I also came to plead and beg a little mercy for my uncle who is an old, old man, and very weak. This will kill him.
(GLEN walks away, a few paces, in deep agitation, then returns to them.)

(Pauses, to Jack Bainbridge.)

I guess it's time [illegible]. Don't any one of God or Man deserve of any but if there is justice [illegible] work those men will answer for accordingly, and go to the penitentiary.

XIII:

(To Helen.)

I want to see you - that is [illegible].

(To Glenn.)

Glenn looked at [illegible]. You've had your victory, don't you just have more - and - they are dangerous. But the judge is of your own blood. My luck [illegible] when she was a little girl and I'd been a father to her in his realism way - I was not there to protect her - and she loves him.

(Pauses.)

XIV:

(Talks, evidently from her knees.)

[illegible] this whole unnatural story.

(Rises.)

I'm all in. I'm all [illegible]. I find it hard to [illegible] but that proof is [illegible], to use at [illegible], and I cannot [illegible].

XV:

(Speaks [illegible], [illegible] it [illegible].)

[illegible]. [illegible].

I have no choice. But I have come to [illegible] - [illegible] that my uncle who is an old, old man, will [illegible]. This will kill him.

(Pauses.)

GLEN:

You ask this for your uncle, but what of
(Swallows)
- What of the other fellow? You must know that if one goes free, so will they both; they can't be separated. You ask this of me, a man of the mountains - a North man? To put aside my vengeance?

(HELEN turns her face to stage, hangs her head and seems much agitated, - traces patterns in the snow with her boot - refusing to look at Glen, who is gazing at her hungrily.)

KID:

It's almost too much to ask. But don't you think the work is done? You can't help but admire McNeare - he's too good an enemy for that - and - and - he loves Helen.

GLEN:

(Hesitantly and hoarsely.)
I know - I know.

KID:

(Turning to Glen, protestingly.)
It is only fair that you should know -

GLEN:

(Stopping her.)
Please don't - you've said enough.
(Pause in which he seems to master himself.)
I understand.
(He slips the cutter hand from the pocket, tears the papers across and across into small bits, and tosses them away.)
You're right. The work is done. And now - good-bye.
(He presses his hand across his eyes blindly, turns without looking at them and mounts the hill wearily and in great dejection, standing with his back to them, as the KID leads HELEN off L., sobbing softly, with her face buried in her hands.)

ORAN:

for his trip for your uncle, but what of

(Interrupts)

- Hmm. If the other Friday! The most does that it was just

Frank is still only Guy now's in Switzerland. He was

to always busy -

- Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop,

Sammy Davis Junior, Shirley MacLaine, Angie Dickinson,

Nancy Sinatra, Mia Farrow, Jack Benny, Milton Berle,

Red Skelton, Jimmy Durante, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour,

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Curtis, Janet Leigh, Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop, Sammy

Davis Junior, Shirley MacLaine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy

Sinatra, Mia Farrow, Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Red

GREN:

(Turning half left, standing straight in the sunlight at C., stretching out his arms in utter self abnegation.)
So this is the end, and I gave him to her with these hands.
(He holds out his hands and looks at them dazedly.)

(Enter DEX. and climbs from bluff at R.)

DEX:

Say, but you're the talk of the town. The boys want to run you for Congress as soon as ever we get admitted as a state. They say that at collar-an'-elbow holts you could probably lick any of them Eastern senators an' thereby wrastle out a lot of good laws for us cripples up here.

SIMMS:

Speakin' of laws goes to show me that this yere country is so blamed civilized for a white man and now that this fight is over, it don't look like there would be anything doin't fit to interest a growed up person, for a long while. I'm goin' East.

GREN:

West?! Why, you can throw a stone into Bering Strait from here. You are so far West now, you are going East.

SIMMS:

The world's round. There's a schooner out fittin' for Cleberry in the spring - two years cruise. He and Dex is figgerin' on gettin' out towards the frontier for a spell.

GREN:

Dex?

DEX:

Sure! I'm gettin' all cramped up hereabouts ovin' to these fill-scraper an-chestnuts an' French tattle-dazzlely settlements an' such discrepancies of scenery. They're goin' to put front

street this summer an' there's a shoe-shinin' parlor opened up. I'd like to get out where I could stretch an' holler without disturbin' some dude in a dress suit. Better come along, Roy - we can sell out the Midas. You don't want to stay here no longer, anyhow.

(DEY. watches the effect of the words on Glen., fondly.)

(GLEN. considers and seems half inclined to yield.)

GLEN:

That's true - I'll think it over.

(They cross L. and exit.)

(As GLEN. comes down stage, HELEN enters D. R., hesitates, then goes toward him.)

HELEN:

I - I couldn't leave without thanking you - I had to come back -

(She is much confused.)

it was a noble thing you did just now.

(Impulsively.)

Oh, I am glad and proud.

GLEN:

(Quietly.)

I prefer you to think of me in that way rather than as the wild beast I have always appeared to you. You have seen me at my worst, when I'd fought and lost, fought and lost till I'd grown desperate - mad - mad with hatred and revenge and every impulse that comes to a defeated man. But -

(Shrugs shoulders.)

you can't understand.

HELEN:

(Eagerly.)

But I can understand; I do. I know all about it now. You told me once that the wilderness had made you a savage and I laughed at it just as I did when you said that my contact with the North would teach me the big broad things that must be known. You were right. I have learned a great deal.

GLEN.

I have learned much also. I wish you might teach me more.

HELEN:

I - I - don't think I could - teach you any more.

GLEN:

(Eagerly.)

Yes, oh yes - you could -

(Then mastering himself, he walks up and down a step or two.)

(Under his breath.)

No, no, I'm a fool.

HELEN:

Well?

GLEN:

(Looking straight before him, and not at HELEN, who is a little behind him on the R., poised forward eagerly.)

Once, a long time ago I read a lover's petition, and ever since knowing you it has been my prayer that I might be given purity to be worthy the good in you, and that you might be granted patience to reach the good in me - but it's no use. I'm glad, though, that you understand, in a measure.

(With shining eyes and smiling sadly.)

The prayer could not be answered, but through it I have found myself and - I have known you.

(Down his eyes.)

It is a holy thing - I shall reverence it always - and -

(Speaking with difficulty.)

When you go - you will leave me lonely - even for its remembrance.

HELEN:

(Tremulously.)

But - I am not going - That is - unless -

GLEN:

(Lifts his head slowly, then whips round upon her.)

Unless what?

HELEN:

(Smiling uncertainly at him.)

Unless you - want me to.

GLEN:

(Throws out his hand supplicatingly.)

Don't play with me. I -

(His voice breaks.)

I can't stand that.

HELEN:

Don't you see? Don't you see? I had to gather my courage to come back to you, since you have made it so very hard for me -

(Coming close to him, and smiling up into his face.)

My savage!

(He, softly, gently, tenderly gathers her in his arms in an all embracing fold, the antithesis of the impulse which made him grasp her fiercely in Act I.)

(Music for Curtain: "The Long Trail.")

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